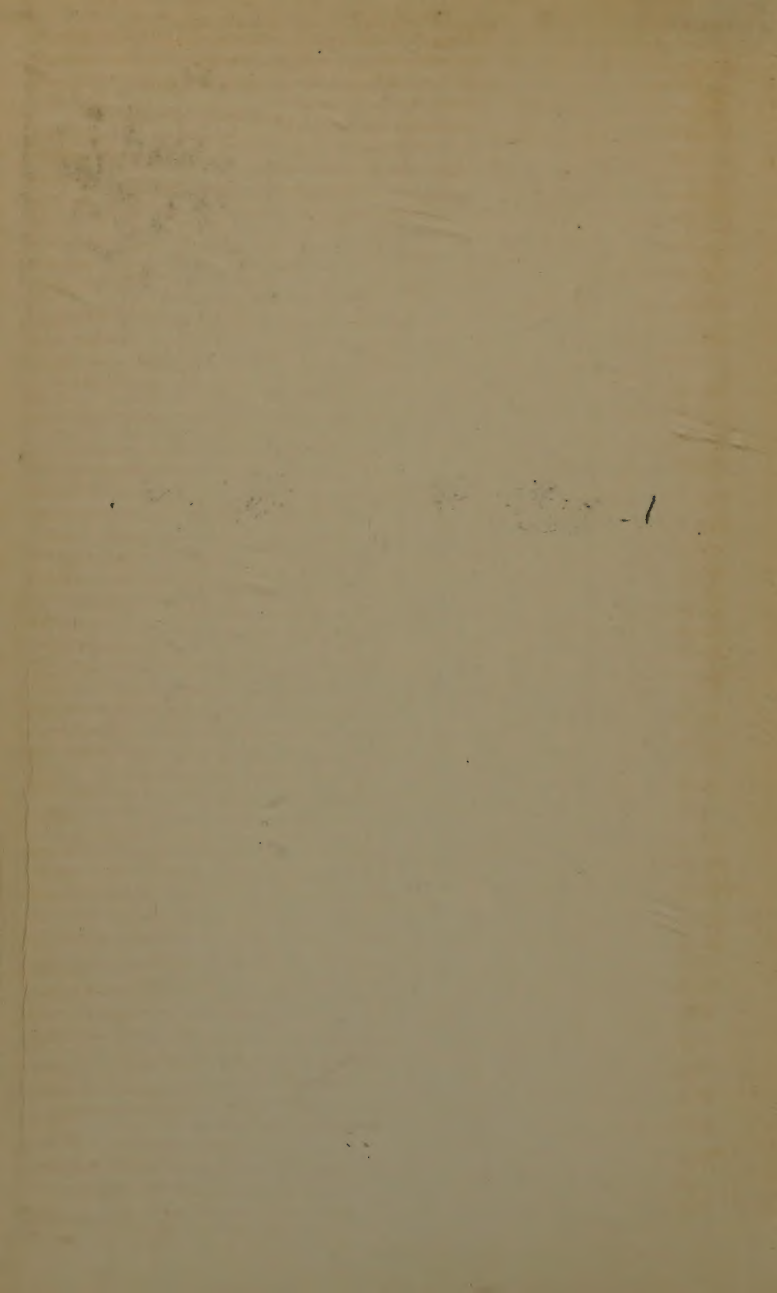


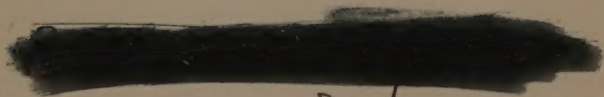
# The Bowling Green



Diane Paulsen —

Jan - 1967

1/11  
x



May 1925



# The Bowling Green



# *The Bowling Green*

*An Anthology of Verse*

*Selected by  
Christopher Morley*



*Garden City    New York  
Doubleday, Page & Company  
1924*

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THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

*First Edition*



*Affectionately Dedicated*

*to*

*EDWIN F. GAR*

*Whose four years' conduct of the "Evening  
Post" is gratefully remembered by  
those who worked with him*



## *A Preface and an Epilogue*

**T**HIS little anthology is selected from the poems contributed by "clients" of *The Bowling Green*, a column printed on the editorial page of the New York *Evening Post* from February 9, 1920, to December 31, 1923. The responsibility for the choices is entirely mine. I am afraid that I may have missed some pieces that should have been included, for my own file of the Green is not complete. I made my selection by one criterion only: I chose the verses that I had found recurring to my mind of their own vitality. Perhaps the one final test of verse is, Is it memorable? Does it seem to immigrate into your recollection almost unawares? . . .

In poetry there is one test of art—  
With whispering stealth, and keeping delicate time,  
It creeps into your mind: you find it there.  
You are my poem then, for in my heart  
Lovelier than a sonnet, you made rhyme,  
And I had memorized you unawares.

## *A Preface and an Epilogue*

So my selfish purpose in preparing this little book is to preserve these poems, like a hoisted string of bright buntings, under the masthead of the column where they were first published: to keep them for my own contemplation and also as a souvenir to kinsprits of a very happy time. Those who were interested in the *Green* and endured its cranks and crotchets will, I am sure, be glad to have the book.

These verses (it should be added) have been chosen from a total of about a thousand poems printed in the *Green*. For each poem printed there must have been six or seven that were not. I think with humiliation of that great detritus of manuscripts, five or six feet deep, that I had to skim through when making my final clearance. There may—indeed there must—have been fine stuff among them, which I was too hurried to recognize. Yet of the six or seven thousand poems that the *Green* received in those years, these seem to me, on the whole, the most permanent. A number of them have already been collected by their authors into various books. In several cases I do not even know who the authors are: some of the signatures are pseudonyms, others only initials. I am anxious to be certain that every poet represented gets a copy

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of the book, and I take this opportunity of asking each contributor to send me his address so that I may do my duty. And also I must remark that of course I have no proprietary rights whatever in these poems, and the book is not a profiteering venture on my part. Whatever royalties accrue I propose shall be divided among the contributors in proportion to the number of their poems included. That is why I want all the addresses, so that the proper adjustment may be made.

Hazlitt once wrote a Farewell to Essay Writing: and if this were the place I might be tempted to set down a Farewell to Columning. I linger upon the notion with a tender feeling. The *suspensio per collum* is indeed one of the most curiously fascinating jobs imaginable, though it has its harrowing perplexities also. I can never be grateful enough to those "high-spirited clients" who condoned many errors for the sake of something better they divined, something which was inherent in them as much as in the Green itself—an attempt to give space to a certain kind of sensibilities and candors with which newspapers do not always concern themselves. And my chief private uneasiness lately has been the impossibility of explaining

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to those friendly creatures who have written letters of inquiry or rebuke, that the sudden disappearance of the Green was not an intentional discourtesy on my part. I had intended a gradual disentangle, but certainly not a moonlight flitting. But suddenly the two-handed engine was at the door. The thin-spun life was slit. But what—since Milton comes to mind—what the great John would have called the Late Massacre on Vesey Street was not without its enchanting humours. When the Green had announced its campaign to make New York and Philadelphia love one another, it had not intended that Philadelphia should absorb New York. Philadelphia we love; none better; but in her proper place and rank. I see here the door opening onto a whole discussion of the ethics of journalism and the proper function of newspapers in our American life. Truly there is no more tempting subject: but I refrain.

But while the two-handed engine was winding up I did have time to refer my clients to that quaintly apposite passage in *The Taming of the Shrew*—the first scene of the Fourth Act, if you care to look it up. But this sly allusion only survived the morning edition: the new

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magistrates, though not technically in charge until the following day, stopped the presses and in a sudden agony of alarm excised the fragment. This, I think, was not handsome, as one of the two great Frank Bacons would have said. But it is just such minutiae of amusement that make life in newspaper offices so incalculably hilarious. And I shall remember the two great triumphs of my small career in the world of newspapers: I learned how to light my pipe at the linotype machine, and I once had the presses stopped—the supreme excitement in journalism—to remove my harmless jape.

Perhaps the only other exploit I can think of, if we are to be reminiscent and talkative, is the time when, feeling that once in so often a columnist ought to be honest with himself and find out whether he is slipping, I mailed a poem (carefully disguised on a strange typewriter and noncommittal copy-paper, and with a newly invented name) to F. P. A's *Conning Tower* in the *New York World*. When Frank promptly printed it, the following day, at the head of his column, I felt a gush of pure satisfaction such as comes only once or twice a lifetime. And if Frank wants to verify the accuracy of this incident, he'll find the poem in his files, signed

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"Galway Hill," in the *Conning Tower*, some time in March, 1923.

Which is all off the point. The large tract of odd and hilarious and affectionate reminiscence accumulated by any man who has the good fortune to be, for a while, a columnist—and then the even greater fortune to escape from the job while still in possession of some of his wits—this matter may perhaps be elsewhere discussed. What matters here is to remark how large a proportion of really first-class verse is contributed to the current newspaper columns. The columnist plays in our contemporary journalism the rôle of the Fool in Shakespearean drama: he has to put himself under the suspicion of being a lackwit in order to gain freedom to utter truths which are often bitter and blunt. When for instance an American newspaper is so undeservedly lucky as to enlist the genius of a writer who blends the various fecund qualities of philosopher and clown as does Don Marquis, the moral health and sanity of a whole nation are increased thereby. The trenchant sagacity of Frank Adams, the spontaneous honesty and naïvely inquisitive drollery of Heywood Broun, these qualities are enormously refreshing in the acreage of rant and formulated catchword that



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make up so much newsprint. (These gentlemen will condone the frankness of one speaking, as it were, *Post Mortem*.) What I have in mind is, that the lively spirit of the poets responds to this amateur breath and savour of the personal column. It is a part of tradition to pretend that it is a heavy and gruesome job to run a column: but as a matter of fact columns are edited by those who love the job, and as soon as they cease to love it they are quite right to quit. And the poets rally to this spectacle of a man having a good time. For the sake of prompt publication in a congenial alleyway they are willing to forego payment, even to forego the decent courtesies of the usual editorial office. It is heavy on my own mind, for instance, that I was unpardonably rude to hundreds of friendly clients: but the columnist cannot always help himself. He has no secretarial aid: he receives from fifty to one hundred letters a day: the incessant interruption and excitement of that way of life make it practically impossible to deal systematically with the welter on his desk. He can only utter occasional broadsides of apology, and beg his contributors not to send him the stamps that put his honesty under dangerous torsion. Presently there comes a time, as a

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friend of mine used to say, when Stress divided by Strain is no longer constant. He realizes the hopelessness of attempting to keep abreast of the current: he retires into a wise passiveness.

Naturally a columnist receives many verses of a grade different from those here reprinted. I have a small collection of metrical oddities which survived the confusion of several desk-movings. There was the man in Bellingham, Washington, who sent in a long poem beginning

Last night I subsided in tangles  
And lay in a cubicle where  
A girl in pyjamas and bangles  
Slept with her hands in my hair.

There was a good deal more of it. Of course the columnist is a fair target for the poet of the J. Gordon Coogler School. You remember Mr. Coogler's immortal stanzas—

How sweet when our lonely soul grows weary,  
And our tired feet need rest,  
To recline 'neath the shade of the willow tree,  
Pillow'd on a maiden's breast.

To feel a passion pure within us,  
And not the one that seeks to rob  
That beautiful virtue underlying  
Her peaceful bosom's honest throb.

## *A Preface and an Epilogue*

Well, a familiar type of verse that arrives on the columnist's desk is the wooing comfit directed at some special lady. Here was a verse first entitled *Despair*; then, in a more manly impulse, that word was crossed out and *To I.* substituted—

As numerous as the stars of a midsummer eve  
Are the kisses I press upon your lips  
In my dreams of you  
Night after night. . . .  
To drink of the bewitching sweetness that wells  
From the ineffable depths of your eyes  
Were intoxication  
Not less than heavenly. . . .  
I crave the caress of your glowing lips;  
The embrace of your tender arms. . . .  
I crave the sublime peace that can come  
With the clasping of you  
To my breast. . . .  
And I contemplate the ineluctable felicity  
Of stars that sparkle in smiling skies  
For the love and the hope  
That are mine. . . .

But the gist of the situation lay in the amou-  
rist's hopeful comment written at the bottom  
of the page—"She reads *The Bowling Green*."

Requests to print such and such a poem on a  
particular date, which was the lady's birthday,

## *A Preface and an Epilogue*

were frequent. Sometimes the editor had to remind his clients that the Green was Bowling, not Gretna. One of the most curious appeals—one specially ill-advised in the case of this particular editor—came from a schoolgirl also in Bellingham, Wash., which seems to be a city of some sprightliness—

This little note is sent to you,  
And this is what I want you to do,  
Measure your waistline, inch by inch,  
And see that the tapeline does not pinch.  
For each small inch that you measure round,  
Place one dollar in an envelope sound.  
And this money that you so freely pay,  
Will help a schoolgirl on her way.

One remembers also, with affection, the lady in Ticonderoga, N. Y., who was annoyed at her ex-husband who had printed the conventional ad. about her having evaded his bed and board. She broadcast her indignation as follows:—

As to me leaving my husband Ed,  
He was the one that left me instead.  
He left me at my father's home  
And without me preferred to roam.  
With nineteen years of married life,  
I was as faithful as any wife  
And without just cause or provocation  
He went back home to his relation.

## *A Preface and an Epilogue*

Sometimes an irate client, justifiably incensed at his MS. getting buried in the editor's desk, would take the columnist to task—

When the Great Judge cleans out his desk,  
In some dark pigeonhole  
Cobwebbed and grimy may He find  
Your negligible soul!

\* \* \* \*

There are many surprising rhythms and recurrent refrains in events. As I sit here, looking out on a snow-crueted corner of a Long Island grove, I can see the one last log of a woodpile that I have always associated in my mind with the beginning of the Bowling Green. That woodpile was cut and sawed and stacked mostly by myself (and no hearth-fire burns so brightly as one whose fuel you yourself have sweated over). Woodpiles are always supposed to conceal dark secrets—enigmas—and that particular stack of logs, which symbolized for me the toils and pleasures of buying and inhabiting a house in the country, is also perhaps the secret of my wanting to write this little postscript. The woodpile is down to its last log: a new lot is ordered from the friendly Mr. Griffin over at East Williston: we enter a new era. Log and

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epilogue . . . since some of the clients will expect their pun.

But that woodpile began, as the Bowling Green itself began and ended, in Philadelphia. It began over a cup of tea, on a Sunday afternoon, and also in snowy weather. I remember that those uneven old brick pavements on Pine Street were sprinkled with patches of white. Mr. Edwin F. Gay, then president of the *Evening Post*, always the Green's best friend and in a sense its "onely begetter," had just telephoned me that he had arrived at Broad Street Station. Very well, I said; I will walk up Fifteenth Street and meet you. I gave him accurate instruction how to fare, and set out. I swung my stick, I puffed my pipe. Inwardly I was doubtful and perplexed; but who would have thought it?

After patrolling Fifteenth Street for some time I grew nervous. Where was Mr. Gay? He was a stranger in the city: had he got lost? He, a man of important affairs, a possible employer, what would he think of my allowing him to wander uncertainly in these byways? I hurried back to Pine Street to see if he had arrived there, or had telephoned? No word. Again I set out, with growing anxiety, and again hurried up Fifteenth Street toward the

## *A Preface and an Epilogue*

station. Still no sign of one wearing a gray tweed suit, as he had said over the telephone. And then I saw him, cheerfully exploring his way along Pine Street. So, after doubt and anxiety, was the woodpile founded. For it was Mr. Gay who, after two cups of tea, proposed matters that involved an uprooting of family goods, the transportation of innocent hostages across leagues of snow, the purchase of this house, the sessions in the office of a friendly lawyer in Brooklyn . . . it would take a folio volume to tell all these matters justly and with their lively circumstance.

The woodpile—let us stick to the woodpile as our simplifying motif. It was the day after Christmas when I wrote accepting Mr. Gay's proposal. The woodpile and the Green were then, though I knew it not, on the way. The trees were still standing, white with snow, in this Long Island glade; but in the forestartled ear of destiny they already quivered under the stroke of the axe, the sweet candy smell of those long wet strips of bark already exhaled in a summer sun. And every poem, every paragraph, every bêtise, of the *Bowling Green*, down to the final and flitting reference to Shakespeare, was already set up, so to speak, on the Mergenthalers of eventuality.

## *A Preface and an Epilogue*

So—as the Green was always a sentimental kind of column—I have set down a few of the facts that pertained to its history. The people whose verses I have here reprinted were the kind of people who kept it going, and to whom I am grateful. And there was another kind of friend, too, who ought to be thanked. Looking over a stack of old letters I have discovered this, written on Christmas Day, 1921, by a reader I have never met, at a time when the Green was being roasted for something (I forget what). Here is the letter:—

*I want to write you a word of encouragement to continue the expression of your candid opinion. No other opinion is really worth anything, you know. It has been pointed out by enough novelists—by John Jay Chapman for instance—that a great need is outspoken, fearless opinion. I want to know what you really think—about Bouck White or the Christmas Story or the Volstead Act or any thing else. If good brother Somebody in New Jersey is shocked he must stand it; some of the rest of us have been bored all our lives by his opinions and we had to stand it.*

*Yours Sincerely,*

HENRY W. KEIGWIN.



## *A Preface and an Epilogue*

So I am content to try to imitate Mr. Keigwin's generosity of spirit. I don't much care what a man thinks, as long as he *really* believes it.

We retire, as Walt Whitman said, "to the certainties suitable to us." The function of the *Bowling Green*, if it had any at all, was to encourage, for a little while, the expression of a certain kind of opinions and hopes about life and about journalism. But the world is very full of interesting jobs, and one can't go on indefinitely. It was Dorothy Burgess, I think, one of the friendliest of clients, who suggested as a motto for the Green these lines from *Aurora Leigh*:—

Wipe out Earth's furrows of the Thine and Mine  
And leave one green, for men to play at bowls;  
With innings for them all!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

*Roslyn Heights, Long Island*  
*February, 1924*



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# The Bowling Green





*When Death Has Lost the Key*

When all my limbs are locked,  
And death has lost the key;  
When I am but the dream  
Of some dead ecstasy:  
I will not ever wage  
Old quarrels with myself:  
Or seek to read the books  
Upon life's dusty shelf.

But I shall always hear  
The tread of April's feet,  
Stirring the earth to song:  
And feel the flaming beat  
Of earth's heart, near and near,  
Finding her heart at last:  
And dreams will come to me  
And hours forever past.

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Only the happy hours,  
Melodiously again,  
And April dreams will come  
Leading the April rain:  
When all my limbs are locked,  
And death has lost the key,  
And I myself the dream  
Of some dead ecstasy.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

## *A Presence*

When the departing, great sun stands  
And plants, on the last hill, his feet,  
He comes; likewise to morning lands,  
Or down a dim and crowded street.

To-day I knew that ecstasy;  
A soaring light was all my blood,  
And, in me, voices, like the sea,  
Shouted and my heart understood.

To-day He smote earth with the flame,  
That clothes His presence when He comes  
And earth grew vibrant with His name,  
Like hidden trumpets, answering drums.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

*On the Passing of the Last Fire Horse  
from Manhattan Island*

I remember the cleared streets, the strange suspense,  
As if a thunderstorm were under way;  
Magnificently furious, hurrying thence,  
The fire-eyed horses racing to the fray;  
Out of old Homer where the heroes are,  
Beating upon the whirlwind thunderous hoofs,  
Wild horses and plumed Ajax in his car:  
Oh, in those days we still possessed the proofs  
Men battled shouting by the gates of Troy,  
With shields of triple brass and spears of flame.  
What ring on stone and steel; those horses came  
Like horses of gods that whirl to the dawn's  
burning,  
They came, and they are gone, and unreturning.  
KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

### *Iced Branches*

The branches interlacing down the street  
Are glistening like the tips of angels' wings  
In long array. The subtle silver clings  
Upon them all. Not even the vibrant beat,  
At noonday, of the sunlight's gold shod feet,  
Has racked apart this airy ice that rings  
The outswept boughs with these enamellings,  
That gleam like drawn wires spinning through  
white heat.

A vortex filled with whirling stars might fling  
Upon its margins some such dazzling spray  
As fell upon these trees and twigs to-day;  
Enough to turn a man from wandering  
And burden him with beauty that will weigh  
Heavily as the heaviest gold of spring.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

## *Epitaph*

Come jest awhile with me and talk  
And talk awhile and laugh;  
Some day the one of us may write  
The other's epitaph.

And if your hand shall write for me,  
Then let the words you write  
Say that I loved them equally,  
Blue day and starry night.

Say I loved talking things like birds  
And prattling things like brooks,  
And that I learned from children's words  
And fell in love with books.

And say I loved a girl or two,  
And one with hair like flame,  
And flame my heart was when she spoke  
By night my name.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

## *Quarnero*

Oh! My companion, oh! my sister Sleep!  
The valley is all before us, bear me on.  
High through the heaven of evening, hardly  
gone,  
Beyond the harbour lights, beyond the steep,  
Beyond the land and its lost benison  
To where, majestic on the darkening deep,  
The night comes forward from Mount Aurion,

Oh! My companion, oh! my sister Sleep!

Above the surf-line, into the night-breeze;  
Eastward above the ever-whispering seas;  
Down the warm airs with no more watch to  
keep.

My day's run out and all its dooms are graven  
Oh! Dear Forerunner of Death and promise of  
haven

Oh! My companion, oh! my sister Sleep!

HILAIRE BELLOC.

## *Devourer of Nations*

“Strength shall be thrust to the Eater  
And down to the Strong One, sweet.”  
Was ever a proverb neater,  
A phrasing more apt or meeter  
To fix on our Course-Completer  
As we end Life’s beat?

You’ll decorate quite the scarlet  
And secret hall of his tongue,  
With your clasped hands marble and stilly  
And your face like a frozen lily,  
For Death is a luscious varlet  
And likes maids young.

So there’s the end of it, Nelly,  
Of you and your purple hat.  
And I, your impotent Shelley,  
With czars and pariahs smelly,  
Shall tapestry well his belly,  
That grey, round Rat!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.



## *Lunch at a Club*

The member with the face like a pale ham  
Settles his stomachs in the leather chair;  
The member with the mustard-coloured hair  
Chats with the member like a curly ram.  
Then silence, like the shutting of a clam,  
Gulps, and slow eating, and the waiter's stare.  
Like prosperous leeches settling to their fare  
The members gorge, distending as they cram.

And I am fiery ice—and a hand knocks  
Inside my blood. Three hours till God comes  
true,  
When there's no earth or sky or time in clocks,  
But only Hell and Paradise and You.  
Life bows his strings! I shout the amazing  
tune—  
The eldest member drops his coffee spoon.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

*The Name of Love*

O Love, a thousand, thousand voices,  
From night to dawn, from dawn to night,  
Have cried the passion of their choices  
To orb your name and keep it bright,

Until, however tides may vary  
At neap or ebb of life and breath,  
Your influence is planetary  
Upon this body of our death,

And that dark sea that takes the dying  
Kindles along its coasts to flame  
For thousand, thousand voices crying  
The exaltation of your name!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## *Green Aisles*

Green aisles of Pullman cars  
Soothe me like trees  
Woven in old tapestries.  
I love to watch the stars  
Remote above the earth  
In watery light,  
While, in a lower berth,  
I whirl through night.

I love the mysteries  
Others abhor:  
From Upper Eight, a sneeze,—  
That stertorous snore  
Far down the aisle. I love  
The net of green  
That holds like treasure-trove  
My clothes unclean.

Cherrywood spick and span  
And patterned plush;  
The rumble and the rush;  
The blankets thick and tan,

## THE BOWLING GREEN

All these my heart delight,—  
The globe you click,—  
Bells ringing in the night  
When someone's sick.

Weird bumpings in the night,  
Arrivals late  
Where stations blaze with light  
And bang with freight;  
Elf lanterns down the track,  
Dark flitting forms  
Under a pale cloud-wrack,—  
Each aspect charms!

I love to smoke a last  
Slow cigarette  
Where all ere breaking fast  
Ablute and fret;  
Then, as on wings of chance,  
I plunge the night—  
Pullmans, you spell romance  
And snug delight!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## *Books et Veritas*

When I was a youngster just going to school  
(The pitiful tale that one tells!)  
My brain ran a-rippling with ballads by Kipling,  
I worshipped the earlier Wells.  
I often was seen with the *Strand Magazine*,  
I adored Lancelots, Bediveres,  
Gobbled Stevenson's fable and Arthur's "Round  
Table"  
And swore by the "Three Musketeers."

When I was as green, yes, as green as the gage  
That pouts from a jam I adore,  
I wore out "Tom Sawyer" till scarcely a page  
But fluttered away to the floor.  
I thought Howard Pyle, in his "Wonder Clock"  
style,  
Could hardly be beat by the best;  
The thrills that I had in "A Modern Aladdin"  
Supplied the infallible test.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

When I was untrained and unversed in the arts  
I loved Andrew Lang, Edward Lear;  
Bought numberless tomes of the great "Sherlock  
Holmes"  
And envied his brilliant career;  
In the "Tale of Two Cities" the thrill that is  
pity's  
Conveyed how superb it may still be.  
I thought "Kenilworth" was a joy upon earth,  
And I simply was dazzled by "Trilby."

When I was a sprig and my standards were low,  
Uncritical, unautocratic,  
I used to exult in Jack London and Poe,  
Which I read in bed, bathroom and attic.  
Alas, that's the truth of my terrible youth.  
Such the books I thought way above par.  
Gee, I thought they were great, in my juvenile  
state. . . .  
*And I still am convinced that they are.*

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## *Choice of Exit*

O some day,  
Some fine day  
When summer's in the air  
And the grass as green as beryl,  
When clouds are white as old Time's hair  
And woods are bright as bronze, and wear  
A glamour past all peril,  
And finches sing and thrushes sing  
And sunlight shakes the sky,  
I shall go up some road with Spring  
And find a place to die.

It's a bright life,  
A black life,  
By eerie fits and starts—  
Buckets of tears, and oceans  
Of aching laughter known to hearts  
That strike a pose to play their parts  
And thrive on idle notions,

## THE BOWLING GREEN

And bowstrings sing and trumpets sing  
And love sings high, sings low. . . .  
Well, I'll go up the road with Spring  
When it's my time to go!

Not at midnight  
When the clock ticks,  
When the coal clicks in the grate  
And the mind of man grows teary!  
No! I'll stalk forth from a garden gate  
Some morning just at half-past eight,  
Some morning when I'm weary;  
And sun will sing and sky will sing  
And the hills with poppies burn  
When I go up the road with Spring,  
King of the world and proud like a king. . . .  
And I shall not return.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



## *The Carpenter's Story*

"Well," said Chips, "I was once in a barquentine,  
Where the captain had his wife along.  
The men all growled about the chow,  
But only out of habit—  
For nothing was really the matter with it.  
This skipper's wife had a crusty temper  
And it made her hot to hear the complaining.

"Christmas came. And the woman declared  
that for once  
We would have a meal that we couldn't object  
to.  
She planned a wonderful dinner and cooked it all  
herself.  
We were somewhere off the Azores then.  
I remember that dinner yet.  
Everyone ate without saying much, until Long  
Jim,  
When he couldn't eat any more,  
Filled his pipe and got up, stretching himself.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

'Now, that was a fine dinner,' he said.

'And if I could just have the skipper's wife  
I wouldn't ask for anything more.'

Just as it happened, the skipper's wife  
Was coming for'ard to hear how the sailors liked  
the chow.

And just as Jim spoke, she put her head into the  
fo'c'sle and said:

'Be damned if you would.

*You can't please a sailor no ways!"*

ARCHIE BINNS.

*The Station Man, on Look-out*

All night long,  
The snow-haired wild sea-warriors  
Leapt roaring by and fled in tumult,  
World-old and raving-mad.

With the first flash of sunlight,  
I saw them marching on the vast sea-plain,  
Rank after rank,  
Steel-clad and glittering men-at-arms.

In the leaping crow's nest,  
Ducking the highest plumes of spray,  
I clung with both hands, wondering:  
*Does my Sweetheart in San Francisco still love me?*

ARCHIE BINNS.

## *The Flying Words*

Now through the skies do come impetuous  
messengers

Their earnest loud ape-wisdom busily bearing,  
And now mechanical lips are the mocking  
trumpeters

Of voices over the long hills and the seas faring.

And words no longer run upon wires, but the air  
is full

Of whispering, and of leaping unlovely voices  
The hired lightning with old wives' tales is  
voluble

And the Ingenious Babe in man rejoices.

So now in the midnight I clutch at my hot heart  
in fear

Lest in the airy tangle should my words go  
Eagerly flying out of my lips to a too heedful ear,  
In the staring terrible hours when sleep is slow.

MORRIS BISHOP.

## *Ozymandias Revisited*

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless  
things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart that  
fed;

And on the pedestal these words appear:  
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings!  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'  
Also the names of Emory P. Gray,  
Mr. and Mrs. Dukes, and Oscar Baer,  
Of 17 West 4th Street, Oyster Bay.

MORRIS BISHOP.

*Sic Semper Insurantibus*

Sombre-Habited

One stood without my door;  
"Why comest thou?" I said,  
"And what dost thou implore?"  
"I bring thee messages," he cried,  
"Of Fate no mortal can appease,  
Of proud men humbled in their pride,  
And of our twenty-year Endowment policies.

"Man springeth up as grass  
And flourisheth a day,  
But as the moments pass  
He withereth away;  
Bitter is man's unhappy durance  
Ere into darkness he must go,  
Unless protected by insurance.  
The premiums of which are quite absurdly low.

"If the blind Furies come  
With the abhorrèd shears,  
Snipping off of some  
Feet and hands and ears,

*Sic Semper Insurantibus*

Exulting still and unafraid

They challenge Fate, unbowed, defiant,  
Because their premiums are paid!

(This happened but last week to one delighted  
client.)”

“O voice of Fate,” said I,

“How true it is, how true,  
That Death is ever nigh—

Especially to you!

How swiftly might this club set free

The soul within its gaol immured——”

He fled; there echoed distantly

The screams of one who ran to get himself  
insured.

MORRIS BISHOP.

## *Poetic Stuff*

Lush orchid-blooms a-shimmer,  
Breath of the summer sea,  
And maiden fancies dimmer  
Than dreams of dreams can be—  
Such imagery surprising,  
Such lyrics rich and rare  
Are used in advertising  
Underwear.

Like Orient scent that lingers,  
Than nard more sweet, or myrrh,  
Like touch of fairy fingers  
On harps of gossamer—  
So sound, in tropic phrasing,  
The Ad-man's dulcet tones,  
Melodiously praising  
Graphophones.

No more the Bard addresses  
His passion to the moon,  
He charms no shepherdesses  
With Beauty till they swoon;



## *Poetic Stuff*

No more he sets us sighing  
With sadness of his dreams—  
He woos us into buying  
Facial creams.

Ah, say not that our age is  
A tough one for the Bard,  
He sells his stuff by pages,  
He sells it by the yard;  
The treasures of Ophir  
Yield tribute to his wits;  
At night he tells his chauffeur—  
“To the Ritz!”

MORRIS BISHOP.

*Poet Flays Temptations of City Life*

Oh, abominable city!  
Home of Babylonian revels!  
Luring lights that know not pity!  
Fascinating female devils!  
Fell Temptation is a despot  
And his court assembles there  
In the Wicked City—Yes, but  
Where?

I am proof against Temptation,  
I am clad in shining armour,  
I would spurn the fascination  
Of a fair but hellish charmer;  
From her wiles I am exempted;  
Still, it's strange as it can be  
That no one yet has tempted  
Me.

Oh, abominable city!  
Laughing Siren of seduction!  
Those unhappy men I pity  
Whom you tempted to destruction;

*Poet Flays Temptations of City Life*

Your temptation won them; now they  
Cluster helplessly around it;  
—But at times I wonder how they  
Found it.

MORRIS BISHOP.

## *Not Here!*

[*To be read in a Glasgow accent*]

*High water, 9 A. M.*

Not here the misty vapours and th' pall,  
Of fog, that bars our passage to the Quay.  
A clear blue sky holds brightly over all,  
Only the haze adds softness to the day.  
Idly, at single anchor do we lie,  
Swinging the tides, while lazy harbour smoke  
Drifts from our three tall funnels  
Why?

. . . . .

Because they told us, with a bitter croak,  
“*It's thick's a b——y hedge at Rothesay Doak!*”

*High water, 9:20 P. M.*

A radiant moon stands in the eastern sky,  
The stars shine purely in th' lift o'er-head.  
The calm and moonlit anchorage is studded by  
Bright riding lights. Not here the dread

## *Not Here!*

Fog wraiths and vapours that would have us  
bound

To slow and stop and fearfully to steer  
Past endless obstacles, perhaps a-ground.

. . . . .

*"Oh! Here,"* they said . . .

*"Mebbe it's fine an' clear,*

*But, Goad! ye'll find it thick at Govan Pier!"*

DAVID W. BONE.

## *The Mystic*

In the still light  
I see Thee; watch Thy presence stir the trees;  
In singing grass  
Hear Thy feet pass,  
And know all speeding wings  
Carry Thy joy, Thou Lord of living things!

Yet lest I miss  
Some knowledge of Thy way within the world—  
Keep tryst  
With me, oh Christ,  
In the seared face and blind,  
And on the bitter lips of the unkind.

GERTRUDE BONE.

## *Field Wireless*

Firefly and cricket  
Have set up their wireless  
In the fields, and tireless  
They flash and click-click it.

What are they saying?  
The long day is over;  
*The dew's on the clover:*  
*It's time to stop playing.*

There's more. They are spelling  
Which way the wind's blowing,  
How fast things are growing,  
How good they are smelling.

Oh! I wish I could utter  
Half that they're sending  
And receiving, blending  
Their spark and their sputter.

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Sometimes you feel creepy  
To think they are talking  
With things that go walking  
When people grow sleepy.

B. A. BOTKIN.



## *Casement Windows*

A casement window's a magic thing,  
Old romances about it cling—  
And if yours looks out on your garden too,  
Add moonlight and see what it does to you.

Abelard, Villon, and Romeo,  
Poets and lovers of long ago,  
Lifted their plea to a casement high,  
Gayly determined to love or die.

When I lean out from my casement white  
O'er my garden sweet in the bright moonlight  
Great lovers are there mid the blossoms met  
And I'm Héloïse, Marie, or Juliet.

A casement window's a magic thing,  
Opening wide with impetuous fling;  
Whoever did anything sweetly rash  
After prudently lifting a window sash?

CLARISSA BROOKS.

*The Scarlet Feather*

Did you think I'd follow you  
As your small gray shadows do?  
Did you not know that I must run  
Alive and laughing, in the sun?

That sometimes I must even wear  
A scarlet feather in my hair?  
A feather that were plain to see  
If you should turn—and follow me.

HAZEL RAWSON CADES.

## *The Parish Piper*

'Tis what I said in Clogher,  
And Spring upon the year,  
I'll rise me on the morrow's morn  
And win away from here;  
Since I'm the parish piper  
Whose breezy heart has blown  
So many partners into mates,  
And I without my own.

When larks arose in Clogher  
I took me at my word  
To find my nough o' partners, yet  
To lose the one preferred,  
The while I coursed the county  
And stepped to weary drone  
Of many a piper's gathered tunes,  
And I without my own.

Then back come I to Clogher  
To play with finer art,  
While memory clasped the dream of her  
That danced within my heart,

## THE BOWLING GREEN

But since the folk I coupled  
Have gone beneath Tyrone,  
I pipe their tripping childer now,  
And I without my own.

'Tis what I think in Clogher,  
And harvest on the year,  
I'll soon be off to neighbour her  
Who left me lornsome here.  
And There I'll be the piper,  
If still I must be lone;  
Else she and I'll be partners There  
And each the other's own.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

### *Playthings*

Each time that I would find a star  
While in the mood to play,  
The toys of Shelley always are  
In the garret-room of Day.

But when I go upstairs to bed  
With but a spark o' light  
'Tis I who often see them spread  
Upon the floor of Night:

Beneath the rafters of the world,  
Where cloudy cobwebs keep  
The dust o' darkness that is whirled  
Away when angels sweep.

But when the mood is mine, some day  
I'll climb that garret stair;  
Nor shall I be too old to play  
With wonders scattered there.

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

For all these years are naught to me  
Who yet would romp afar,  
In Francis Thompson's nursery  
Where Shelley's playthings are.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

### *The Habit*

Dear knows, 'tis long since Brian lay  
Bedfast, as by himself;  
While candles warmed his habit, gray  
As brown on broken delph.

For thirty years have gone with him  
Since first his Katie dressed  
In decent black she might not trim  
With jet across the breast.

Yet she, with both his ring and name,  
Soon doffed her shoulder cape,  
Lit up her weeds with lawn, and came  
To chapel in her shape.

The while, for all a neighbour's grin,  
She took a crown's St. George  
From which a gallant bosom-pin  
Was fashioned at the forge.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

And when her years put on the tints  
Of living harvest leaves,  
'Tis she came out in colored prints  
And Kilmacthomas weaves.

Nor might the parish wonder should  
She yet be bravely gowned  
In finery that surely would  
Be silky to the sound.

"Ay, faith! The hour is far away,"  
Said one to me, "when Kate's  
Unmindful garb shall be as gray  
As blue on broken plates."

"For when she aired her habit out  
On a bush the other morn,  
Unshadowed ravens fled the clout  
Like crows from haunted corn!"

FRANCIS CARLIN.



## *My Lady of the Harvest*

A symphony:  
Murmurs of you  
And folk-songs chanted in the fields  
By half-grown girls whose thin, brown arms  
Weave slumberously the shroud of youth,  
The creak of harvest vans heavily loaded  
With fat casks of cool wine and cassocked grain  
And the sighs of housewives  
Who plunge plump, red arms in sudsy water  
Or spank apple-bottomed babies  
And remember when they, too, were adored  
As I now adore you!

E. RALPH CHEYNEY.

## *Villanelle*

[*To a Lover of Manhattan*]

O City of astounding towers,  
Swift, white as gulls twixt sky and sea,  
Thy beauty changes with the hours.

At dawn slim girls as fresh as showers  
Fling their pale heads back wantonly—  
O City of astounding towers!

The clangorous noon-tide gold deflowers—  
Proud stand they, high, and matronly,  
Thy beauty changes with the hours,

And silver dusk again endowers  
With spangled, bergamasquin glee,  
O City of astounding towers!

While delicate dark night o'erpowers,  
Strange purple forms press amorously—  
Thy beauty changes with the hours.

### *Villanelle*

Not songs, but tears of love are ours—  
But flames alone can rival thee,  
O City of astounding towers,  
Thy beauty changes with the hours.

HENRY S. CHURCHILL.

*The Electric Bulb*

An electric bulb was heard to say:

“Freedom of will is mine!

The button never yet was pressed

But that I wished to shine!”

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

*Amelia Asks for a Poem*

Long may the sandstone Cherubs keep  
The vault where your dead Kinsmen sleep  
    In Holyrood Churchyard!  
With Masses said and candles burned,  
In Consecrated Ground well earned,  
While the mild moon-faced Cherubs guard,  
    It's well the Kinsmen sleep!

If in their dour Eternity  
They dance to Harp and Psaltery,  
    *You* seek some livelier floor!  
These were no dancing breed, your Kin,  
But pious goodly merchant men!  
And you, the Changeling, set no store  
    By Harp and Psaltery!

Howbeit though, should Peter choose  
To let you, wearing dancing shoes,  
    Tripping on blithe wee feet,  
In lilac frock, cut shocking low,  
To your Reward you'd dancing go!  
Among the astounded Saints (you Sweet!)  
    In red-heeled dancing shoes!

LELAND DAVIS.

### *Farmer Boy*

Bees dot the lattice,  
Gold spins the sky,  
And birds from the orchard  
Startled fly.

Beasts in the sweet fields  
Uneasy grow,  
The dog in the dark hedge  
Couches low.

Sadly the June air  
Wings the refrain,  
For he's to the woodshed  
Once again.

JACK DE LA PAIX.

*Hark, Hark, the Dogs Do Bark*

Down the sunny road they lurch  
    (Pert they prance,  
    Smug they skip),  
    And all on Sunday morning.  
Decent folk go all to church,  
    (Prim they pass,  
    Stiff they stalk),  
    In seemly black adorning.

Some in rags and some in tags  
    To they trip,  
    Fro they frisk,  
    With crazy laugh and talking.  
Where the willow weeping, drags  
    Garments green,  
    Drap'ries dim,  
    They meet the parson walking.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

Beggar in a velvet gown,  
Lithe of limb,  
High of heart,  
Her bold brown eyes on fire,  
Tops him lightly with a crown:  
Poppies pied,  
Jonquils jaune,  
And decent black attire.

In the church the people wait;  
(Cling a clang,  
Ding a dong)  
The bell strains at the rafter.  
But the parson soon or late,  
(Strange to say,  
True to tell)  
Will ne'er be seen hereafter.

BERENICE DEWEY.



### *Hard Facts*

If wishes were horses and promises motors  
Then no one would walk, and the roads would  
be gay,  
With Jeremy Drudge dashing by in his  
brougham  
And giving Miss Clerk and her coachman  
good-day.

With fluttering pennants atug at the windshield  
The janitor's wife would gad all about town,  
Saluting the charwoman on her high horses,  
Agog in a new and magnificent gown.

And Timothy Newsboy would race with Miss  
Cashgirl  
On spirited ponies through concourse and  
park—  
But wishes are moonshine and promises mole-  
hills,  
And all of us foot it from daylight till dark.  
BERENICE DEWEY.

*Impromptu in Ego Major*

[*Emulating the Dons—Juan and Marquis*]

PAGAN REFLECTION

To err's divine! The gods came down to  
teach

Mankind to teach its womankind desire  
Is no safe flame that vestals tend, but fire  
That counts no mortal fuel out of reach.  
When did Apollo sigh or Pan beseech?  
Philandering Jove reflect on Juno's ire  
Or Love's half-brother reck of Dido's pyre?  
And what commandment did the pious preach?  
The naked gods are dead—but now and then  
Their godly conduct's copied, gossips say,  
In this prim world of starched and tailored  
men;

I'm sure the gossips lie, for every day  
I don most mortal ready-mades, and down  
The straight and narrow Subway crawl to  
town.

## *Impromptu in Ego Major*

### BYRONIC MOMENT

Somewhere in all the midnight must be bliss,  
Respite at least for fevered men like me  
Who thirst until the dawn wind stirs to be  
Far from to-day, to-morrow, and from this—  
Deep down the Colorado's black abyss,  
Out by the star-girt navel of the sea  
Or where a stifled spring's one dying tree.  
Marks the wide desert's wildest oasis.  
Hush, wailing soul! Let slumber take us where  
The round world's rim, the moon and the blue  
    night  
Will hide inconsequential things that hurt you:  
Late suppers, germs, your lifelong ingrained  
    virtue,  
Tobacco, violent dreams, the itch to write,  
Tall girls like cold young queens with yellow  
    hair.

### MIDDLE VICTORIAN REFLECTION

Diane, Diane, in pity's name what matter  
When we are dead or soon when we are old  
That I was righteous or that you were cold,  
That there were eyes to spy and lips to chatter?

## THE BOWLING GREEN

What but the cup our hands let slip and shatter,  
Your glorious song unsung, my heart untold,  
These lines I meant to weave you cloth of gold  
Weaving cheap motley, stuff for fools to tatter?  
—I am a fool, Diane, to make false moan.  
For you were cold, so, burning, I was mute—  
Not wise or righteous! Come, a better thing  
That still your song is in you, yet to sing,  
And still the hungering heart is mine alone,  
And cloth of gold I know for brigand's loot.

### LATE VICTORIAN MOMENT

To find the grimmest legend gospel-true  
Would be just like my queer luck when I die:  
A dour old City Magistrate on high  
Dispensing harps and robes, damnation too.  
The wingèd Clerk, ere Peter let me through,  
Would search his notes for my dull page and sigh  
While jeers would rise from Hell, "Its betters  
fry  
For less than once that white soul failed to do!"  
Of Matthew's rulings, Yahveh then might read  
The one that ends "already in his heart."  
"But only there!" might smoothly special-  
plead  
My mouthpiece Saint, "except in flippant art;

*Impromptu in Ego Major*

“My innocent client merely looked and  
flamed——”

Of which now write me, Angel, unashamed!

AND MORNING TUB

Tosh! If the moon's half mad, the sun is sane,  
He'll laugh her thin illusion off, and rid  
The world and me, as ever his humour did  
Of glooms and vapours she pretends are pain.  
This tendril now she shows me as a chain,  
Those twigs she shadows down, a martyr's grid,  
That clod she makes a dead king's pyramid,  
Will fade and shrink to trivial facts again.  
And I'll shrink too, thank fortune! In my bath  
I'll croon no misereres, but will roar  
In three wrong keys the lusty “Toreador.”  
Then meet the sun along the garden path,  
Where, laughing with him at these moonstruck  
hours,  
I'll grub content among autumnal flowers.

HARRY ESTY DOUNCE.

## *Sho' Nough Steamboats X*

[According to Unc' Henry Glenn, an old deck-hand on Kanawha and Ohio River boats.]

To W. S. L.

Dese steamboats on de Hudson,  
I guess dey's mighty fine,  
But dey ain' got no paddle wheel  
Awhirlin' roun' behine,  
Kickin' up de water  
An' chawin' up de foam—  
De steamboats on de Hudson  
Ain' like de boats down home.

*De steamboats on de Hudson—  
Lord knows whut make 'em go—  
Dey ain' like de steamboats  
Dat I uster know,  
A-steamin' down Kanawhy  
An' de Ohio.*

## *Sho' Nough Steamboats*

I sho'ly miss de ole boats;  
I seem ter see 'em still:  
*City er Cincinnati,*  
An' de *City er Louisville,*  
De fine ole *Annie Laury*—  
An' all of dem wuz Queens—  
An' de *James K. Speed*, a-speedin'  
Clean down ter New Awleens!

Dem great white steamboats  
Wid dey smokestacks high,  
Blowin' clouds er smoke out  
On de wide blue sky;  
Whistlin' in de mornin'  
Way down aroun' de ben':  
An' lawsy how I'd like ter see  
De ole boats once ergain—

De schooners an' de liners,  
An' de little tuggin' boats  
A-chuggin' through de water  
Like a bunch er frisky shoats,  
Dey sho'ly goes a-humpin'  
But dis I wants ter know:  
How come dem boats ain' got no wheels  
*An' whut makes 'em go?*

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

I wuz fotch up on de ole boats  
(No use fer me ter 'splain).  
Git out de way an' gimme room!  
I gwine home ergain:  
I likes de Hudson steamboats  
But I jes got ter go  
Back to de ole Kanawhy  
An' de Ohio.

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW.



### *Ships in Hampton Roads*

Beyond the walls of gray Monroe,  
Beyond the battered dark sea wall,  
How many dream ships pass and go  
To what unnoted ports of call!  
Fine craft are they  
That all the day  
Go down the still slow-swinging bay.

Low-lying freighters, deep and dark,  
Go plodding up the soundless tide,  
And here and there a graceful bark,  
Her wan sails spreading high and wide,  
Skims gallantly  
Against the sea—  
A ship of splendid dreams to me.

And toiling coasters ply and pass—  
The heaving hodden bulks of trade;  
A schooner; some huge galleas  
That leaves behind no darkening shade

## THE BOWLING GREEN

Or smoky train—  
Sweeps to the main,  
Laden—who knows—with gold of Spain.

*The tart salt sea winds call, and oh,  
The channel swells are white with foam! . . .  
Down Hampton Roads the still ships go,  
But I must stay and dream at home.*

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW.

## *Sho' Nough Band Music*

[*Uncle Pete, a member of the Charleston<sup>1</sup> Coloured  
Masons' Band, Philosophizes.*]

(To W. S. L.)

7

Sam, he plays de trombone  
In de cullud Masons' ban',  
And de gals dey set and watch him  
On de big gran' stan',  
How he fling dat horn a-flutin'  
In de a'r, aroun' an' roun',  
Keepin' time unto de music,—  
He's de bigges' man in town.  
Kaze it's fine ter play dat trombone,  
But as sho' as you er born,  
I sits back in de corner  
Wid mah ol' bass horn,

Wid mah *um-pah, um-pah, um-pah,*  
Jes' as easy as you please,  
An' mah Adam's apple dancin'  
Like de apples on de trees.

---

<sup>1</sup>West Virginia.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

An' Sam, he's sweatin', workin'  
Like he's diggin' up de corn,  
But I plays mah easy *um-pah*  
On mah ol' bass horn.

Dat Saxophone! Jim plays it;  
And Lawdy, how it do  
Git down inter my gizzud  
Whenever she is blew;  
And mah foot, hit keeps a-pattin'  
Out de time, upon de flo' . . .  
But I likes my plain ol' *um-pah*  
On de bass horn dat I blow.

When we marches to de fun'ral  
Of a brutha dats decease,  
We always plays a lonesome  
Sorter solemncolly piece;  
And de French horns and de toobeys,  
And de big bassoon  
And de rattlin' little tenner drum  
Doan' play no jolly tune.

*But, makes no diffunce whut dey plays  
Kaze, sho' as you er born,  
I plays mah little um-pah  
On my ol' bass horn.*

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW.

## *Drinking Song*

[*In Memoriam Emile Bacardi*]

In planter's punch or daiquiri,  
I'd sing thy praises, Bacardi,  
In beakers six or seven.  
The angels sing now thou hast come,  
"They bless thy name who bless thy rum  
On earth as it is in heaven."

Full<sup>1</sup> many a time and oft I've sat  
Where ardent suns reduce men's fat  
To slowly trickling water,  
And 'neath a palm tree's shade entice  
To drink thy nectar, limes and ice  
Mixed by some ebon daughter.

Oh, who shall say how many a fog  
And gale is cheated by your grog.  
Which cheers cold men at sea;  
And who shall say how many fears  
And worries in this vale of tears  
Have routed been by thee?

---

<sup>1</sup>This word not accented.

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Then drink a toast, O ye who can,  
Oh, lucky ones, drink to this man  
Whose name will vanish never,  
While Cuba's canes will grow on end  
And Santiago's bay shall send  
His spirits on forever.

IRVING FINEMAN.

*As It Was in the Beginning*

Up in my tower I sat alone,  
Telling myself in a mournful tone  
How sinfully blind were ancient men  
Who stoned the prophets preaching then,  
When down in the street I heard a cry  
And the feet of many rushing by.

“There in the market place he stands,  
A tall, thin prophet with long thin hands!  
Come and get a paving stone, come and get a  
brick,  
Come and get a house-tile and stone him,  
quick!”

How could I think of ancient things?  
I went down the stairs as if on wings,  
I ran with the crowd to the market place  
And flung an ink bottle full in his face.

MILDRED FOCHT.

### *Four Trees*

At the corners of my house  
I will have four trees;  
They will lay their arms about,  
Evil creatures keeping out;  
I shall have no dread nor doubt  
In the care of these.

I will choose a maple tree  
For its magic ways:  
Tufted coral in the spring,  
Then a green pavilioning,  
And a mystic golden thing  
In the autumn days;

And a tall horse-chestnut tree  
From my childhood's town,  
With its cones of creamy bloom.  
Candles lit in leafy gloom,  
Which for glossy fruit make room  
Quaintly marked and brown;



## *Four Trees*

And of course an apple-tree  
Just for happiness;  
For its clouds of pink and white,  
And its breath of pure delight,  
And its rosy cheeks to bite  
With a sharp caress;

And a poplar tree that knows  
All the ancient pain;  
Bringing comfort with a sigh  
And a song to slumber by,  
As it whispers soft and shy  
In a voice of rain.

At the corners of my house  
I will have four trees:  
They will guard me night and day,  
Keeping evil things away;  
To the saints I need not pray—  
I am safe with these.

MILDRED FOCHT.

## *Child's Play*

On the grass sat Two-years-old:  
Through the leaves a spot of gold  
Danced upon her small dark head,  
Two-years-old was very still;  
Only to herself she said  
In the way that children will,  
Something in a chanting round,  
Fascinated by the sound.

Curiously I strained my ears;  
Then I could not see for tears,  
What the baby said was this,  
Making of the words a play,  
*"He is dead, my father is,  
Dead and gone away;  
He is dead, my father is,  
Dead and gone away."*

MILDRED FOCHT.

*Recompense* X

What did I give you, I who gave so much,  
That you have not returned a thousand-fold?  
I shall remember when I am grown old  
Your happy ways, the comfort of your touch.  
What was unworthy in me you despised  
Yet taught me patiently your nobler creed,  
Letting me see by word and kindly deed  
How perfect friendship could be realized.  
Myself I gave you—selfish, cramped, and blind  
Only—I loved you—and your silver strength,  
Your joyous heart and understanding mind  
Taught me your wise humanity at length.  
You gave me back myself, renewed and whole;  
Your handiwork—a comprehending soul.

LESLIE GANNON.

## *Jim*

Jim was a sinner, not hard as horn  
As others think, but a sinner still;  
Yet deep in the muck, there stands forlorn  
But shining, a princely act of will.

To throw him to tridents of pricking imps  
Or the deceptive blue of a brimstone flame,  
To hell, in short, where no slightest glimpse  
Of hope cheers those but half to blame—

To treat him thus who, facing odds,  
Wrote large on the golden tome, a Deed,  
Would prove that Higher Justice also nods.  
It must not be. The heart's above the creed.

For surely up there where the good man soars  
There must be crowns to polish, robes to crease,  
Harps to restring and other lowly chores  
Which, left to angels, might disturb the peace.

## *Jim*

Just the sort of job for grizzly Jim!  
I see him, halo at a rakish slant,  
Rubbing, lest the golden floor grow dim,  
Humming gently while the angels chant.

They sit around his workshop after court,  
Try hard to look pained at his little joke,  
Wondering how he chanced to reach that Port,  
Jealous of the flask in his ragged poke. . . .  
Just a little reminder, in their home impearled,  
Of the Other World!

IRVING GERDY.

*“All in a Garden Green”*

[*Seventeenth century song*]

“All in a garden green” you sang  
One sunny morning late in May  
And through the pleasaunce-walk it rang  
And stole my willing heart away;  
The while I plied my viol and bow,  
Lady, Lady,  
But that was centuries ago—  
My dear Lady.

We sat beneath a high green hedge,  
Close-clipped and smelling sweet of yew,  
I claimed a lover’s privilege  
And to my lips your fingers drew.  
The song did falter on its way,  
Lady, Lady,  
That sunny morning late in May—  
My dear Lady.

*“All in a Garden Green”*

“All in a garden green” you sang  
And bade me take again my viol.  
I thought my very heart did hang  
Upon your silver notes the while.  
My dearest dear, I loved you so.

Lady, Lady.

And that was centuries ago—

My dear Lady.

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST.

*New Year's Resolution*

I'll junk a lot of feelings,  
Sort out my cluttered thoughts,  
And trim my mental piece with shiny  
Cans and Wills and Oughts.

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST.



*O Si Sic Omnes*

Some things I'll not rehearse  
In verse;  
Some things will ever silent be  
Inside of me:  
Because they have to be forgotten  
Or never thought on.  
For just this once my firm intent  
Is to be strictly reticent.

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST.

## *Spring in the Subway*

In these dim corridors of shattering sound  
Where there is neither real night nor day,  
And naught to tell if skies be clear or gray  
In the fair other-world above the ground,  
Except where, here and there, the sun has found  
An opening to push in a pallid ray  
Where glimmering silver showers of dust motes  
play;

What is there here to say that hills are crowned  
With dewy splendor, and that fields are sweet  
With April's store of blossoming delight?

And yet I knew 'twas so the moment that  
A blue-eyed girl came tripping from the street  
Bearing into the gloom a garland bright  
Of cotton buttercups upon her hat.

ELSA GILL.

*“A Soldier of the Legion Lay Dying  
in Algiers”*

If you could only see me dying here,  
Spread over sundry feet of messy sand,  
In this wild, heathen, unenlightened land—  
Pillowed on the dead paunch of an Emir,  
Who left his toothmarks on my unwashed ear  
(And kept a harem, too, I understand,  
As well as captaining a robber band),  
I know you'd think it quite improper, dear.

Yet, all in all, I feel a strange content  
When I remember with what pains you tried  
To turn my soul from its untidy bent,  
And make me leave my sinning and repent;  
How, when I swore or smoked my pipe, you  
cried—

Gosh, how you'd rave to see the way I died!

RAMON GUTHRIE.

## *Curtain*

Lower the curtain, let the scene end,  
Though the play's not half through!  
If the people want their money back, let the box  
office pay:  
The show that has no finale is better, could they  
but know—  
But some, denied a happy ending, will want  
their feelings soothed—  
So pay them, if they demand!

If any should ask why the play was stopped—  
(Though none will wait to see!)  
Tell them the plot broke down and the parts be-  
came impossible:  
(Has an actor no rights?)  
The star had been improvising most of the last  
scene—  
Mouthing meaningless sounds—  
Threading a dubious way amidst the sets—  
The antiquated rubbish of the stage!

## *Curtain*

That was a weird experience he hinted at!  
All was familiar when the play began:  
He had his lines, he knew his way about,  
But presently, it seems, he lost himself:  
He wandered into remote, unreal lands——  
Forgot his lines, or saw them grow confused——  
Whilst all the other actors turned to ghosts!

The playwright slipped, I guess:  
He followed the vagaries of the actor's thought  
Clean to the brink of a precipice—of mind——  
But he left the stage unchanged!  
So, suddenly,  
Our friend beheld his world turn round and  
round:  
His mind was slipping down the precipice——  
His feet still clung to the old, familiar rug  
In front of the fireplace—where cold ashes lay!

He tried to pull himself—I mean his worlds——  
Together—but his will was powerless!  
He tried to call up clues, suggestions, tricks——  
No more:  
His will went downward to the slimy deeps——  
His shoulder leaned against the mantelpiece!  
He saw it all—as one who, from some height,

## THE BOWLING GREEN

Watches the rain below, the sun above  
A cloud that threatens, presently, to blot him  
out!

He's gone: no telling what he'll do henceforth!  
If he waits for the author to finish up the play,  
He may have to wait for years: Playwrights are  
slow!—

He may come back and improvise the part,  
Stumbling through to an end—but I think not!  
He may be gone for good, leaving the stage  
To wander forever in the primrose fields!  
He may seek quick release in the stormy seas!

My own guess is he's off to write his play:  
He's through with authors who let things get  
mixed:

He's long been tired of reading others' lines;  
And he's not brave enough to improvise  
For more than some few brief moments at a  
time!

I think he hopes to catch life unawares and  
wring

Her last amazing secret from the wench!

My own opinion is he'll not be back.

J. K. H.

*On Reading the Memoirs of a Midget*

I can remember in my father's house,  
Set on a shelf well out of childish reach,  
A tiny model of the *A. D. Snow*—  
Perfect in each detail, a fairy thing,  
Fashioned on some far voyage long ago.

Her masts were fragile things, a finger high,  
Her rigging ordered, frail as cobweb lace,  
And yet no toy, but compact truth and strength  
By patient sailor magic shaped, and sealed  
In a small bottle half a foot in length.

One poised the lovely puzzle in the glass,  
One showed a world in tragic miniature  
That hath to-day enthralled my heart and brain,  
Pent in such narrow compass to behold  
Infinite passion and revolt and pain.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD HANLY.

## *October Garden*

My garden feels the touch of fall  
And, like a damsel, winter dreading,  
She spins herself a damasked shawl  
With red and gold and purple threading.  
The cosmos breaks in starry bloom  
Upon the robe of her designing;  
Chrysanthemums from her rich loom  
Are warmly her deep bosom twining.

October beats against her heart  
And blusters he will be her master!  
Defiantly she bends her art  
To weave perfection in an aster!  
Yet well the queenly maid must know  
For all the splendour she may pattern,  
November's fierce, relentless blow  
Will show her to the world a slattern!

DANIEL HENDERSON.



## *The Business Changes Hands*

The business changes hands; accountants come  
To scrutinize the books and search the files.  
Disturbing rumours through the office hum:  
Mysterious, keen-eyed men stroll down the  
aisles.

Department heads, whose places are in doubt,  
Pursue their duties with unworried faces,  
As if to say that if they are let out  
They know where they can go to better places.

But Billingslea, a plodding under-clerk,  
Wonders if he is slated for discharge,  
And pales before the spectre Out of Work,  
And tries to make his occupation large.

Night falls; desks close; his comrades homeward  
fare;  
He stays and toils in bribery to fate,  
Hoping approving glances come from where  
His god writes down: "Your pay will terminate——"

DANIEL HENDERSON.

## *Two Rondeaux to New York*

### I. WINTER

I love New York in Winter time,  
When streets are slush of snow and rime,  
    And taxis bump and skid along,  
    And millions into subways throng,  
And other millions from them climb.

I almost feel that such sublime,  
Courageous patience transcends crime,  
    And yet I hail it in my song—  
        I love New York.

I also sing the box where I'm  
Directed to insert my dime  
    Upon the bus; its teeth are strong,  
    It bites my coin, then rings a gong;  
Grasping, but giving back a chime—  
        I love New York!

## *Two Rondeaux to New York*

### II. SUMMER

New York, I love you—dog-days, too;  
When all your concrete cañons stew  
    The noon-day hordes that ebb and flow;  
    While deep in tunnels thousands go,  
Still shines for some your harbour view.

The cleansing sea sends breezes through  
Each island street and avenue;  
    Because for you sea-sirens blow.  
        New York, I love you.

For all your towers still rising new,  
Your pinnacles that pierce the blue  
    Of summer skies, and shadows throw  
To cool the hurrying crowds below;  
For nights mosquito-less in you,  
    New York, I love you!  
        MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON.

*To a Wise and Beautiful Baby*

He has eyes blue as  
Grape hyacinths  
That come in spring  
And grow within the wood's dark shade;  
Glowing brightly as the wing  
Of any blue jay ever made,

He has eyes blue as  
Grape hyacinths.  
His hair is gay as  
Daffodils  
That nod and dip  
In April rain,  
And when the sun comes  
Out again  
They seem to sing  
With yellow joy.

His hair is gay as  
Daffodils.

*To a Wise and Beautiful Baby*

His mouth is solemn.

Sweetly so.

He listens when the black winds blow,

Wisely he nods

When in the room

Flickering Bright Fire licks the gloom.

He knows the mystery behind the fire.

And he loves the wind playing

With a larch tree for a lyre.

That's why

His mouth is solemn.

Sweetly so.

He lives within a strange

Bright world

Of orange balls and furry things.

Of elves and fairies with thin wings

Spun of the light

Of rain at night.

He lives within a strange

Bright world.

He is as lovely as the spring

When the brown earth is blossoming

I may not give him more than that,

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Who has the magic gift of youth  
Undimmed by fears or stinging ruth.  
May youth go with him through the years.  
So I may always of him sing;  
He is as lovely as the spring  
When the brown earth is blossoming.

DOROTHY HOMANS.

### *Grapes from Thorns*

When the golden wood on golden days  
Lay still in the sun;  
When sumach in the swamp was all ablaze  
Came one  
Who bent to me. Bright was my amaze  
At the wonder and the beauty of his ways.  
He with his Spanish eyes and scarlet cloak  
Showed me the magic blue in bonfire smoke;  
Showed me polished chestnuts under stiff faded  
leaves;  
“There are fallen-moon pumpkins and corn in  
sheaves.”  
And “Listen—the bells are ringing in the  
town—  
Promise you will always wear a leaf-green  
gown.”

Here in the golden woods I walk alone,  
For he of the Spanish eyes and scarlet cloak is  
gone.  
Sorry enough was I to see him go,  
For in my own way I loved him so.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

But sorrier far was I to know that he  
Saw not the beauty that he showed to me.  
To bind me, hold me fast, he used it merely.  
To use it thus he saw so clearly—  
“Beauty is a chain. Invisible but strong  
To bind her to me. To make her love me long.”

The barberry bush is hung with jewels bright.  
The ripening apples fall  
In the lane by the wandering gray wall.  
Across the river the hills stretch out.

They seem  
Like old drowsy dragons, a-drowsing in a dream.  
Black crows turn westward in the amber light.  
They scatter, cawing in their sombre flight.  
On the hilltop where the tall pines sing  
The small quick-silver squirrels bring  
Nuts for the long white nights to come  
When Corydon a-cold blows on his thumb.

I walk the golden woods alone;  
Was there someone ever here who now is gone?  
Who told me tales of autumn's glory?  
The story teller I've forgot—  
But not the story.

DOROTHY HOMANS.



## *My Mother*

My Mother's cheeks are fat,  
My Mother's nose is thin,  
Her teeth are made of bone  
But they are filled with tin.

My Mother's nose is blue,  
My Mother's eyes are green,  
She is my boss and pal,  
She is my regent queen.

My Mother's ears are small,  
My Mother's face is big,  
Her hair is all her own,  
She never wears a wig.

My Mother likes to eat,  
She also likes to cook,  
She likes to sit up most all night  
Reading a naughty book.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

My Mother dresses nice,  
And she has lots and lots  
Of clothes all pink and blue,  
And mauve with yellow dots.

My Mother likes to boss  
And tell me what to do,  
But sometimes we swap round  
And then I run her too.

My Mother cannot sleep  
Unless she's full of food,  
Candy and soup and beans  
And prunes that have been stewed

My Mother loves me so  
She loves each word I write,  
And every rhyme I make  
Rhymes just for her delight.

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT.

## *Captain Kidd*

A buccaneer, a bad man,  
A pirate man I be,  
Who curses before breakfast  
And chanteys before tea.

A tall ship, a square ship,  
A rakish ship for mine,  
With blood in her lee scuppers  
And decks all white with brine.

With tall spars, with black spars,  
And masts as black as teak;  
With dirty sails and splintered rails,  
The Roger at the peak.

A wicked crew, an ugly crew,  
A crew of evil mien,  
Who carry dirks and cutlasses  
And pistols stuck atween.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

A wild sea, a hollow sea.  
Up solid to the truck;  
With murdered niggers in the hold  
And one strung up for luck.

A wet night, a black night,  
Rebellion and red rum.  
The galley-boy half crazy.  
The wheel watch drunken numb.

A drunken crew, a fighting crew,  
Roaring a bloody yell,  
"I'll slit you through your undershirt  
And send your soul to hell!"

"I'm Captain of this outfit:  
I'll scuttle the whole damn brood.  
For a Bible or a jug of rum  
I'd knife ye!" And I would.

T. B. HUNT.

## *Search Warrant*

From those clear eyes that quietly appraise  
I can no secret hide; nor would I dare,  
Concealing contraband of Thought, declare  
My mind enfranchised and my tale of days  
Exempt from tax. In that calm, level gaze  
I read your warrant for a search; and there  
See all my selfish follies, stark and bare,  
Set out for record of my worldly ways.

Impose the penalty and take the dues,  
Justice and Jury both. I waive appeal;  
And ask a quittance, but would not refuse  
A clement discount ere you set the seal.  
Shameless and passing bold, I claim rebate;  
Knowing I hold your heart for Advocate.

I. J.

## *Evidence*

I've seen it so—  
Light comes from God  
To make things grow.

He tells the sun to gleam,  
Then, sends each blade of grass,  
To make it grow—one beam.

Each night he lights afar—  
To help me grow a dream—  
A certain, twinkling star.

And, combing in the dark,  
I watch God grow my hair  
With a tiny bluish spark!

J. K.

### *The Liberty Motor*

Silent, she rests before the sweeping wing  
Bound fast to tautened wires and straining  
spars,  
Which she will swing aloft till heaven bars  
Her progress. She a steel and iron Thing?  
Ah, no—ye never heard the goddess sing  
As she whirled headlong towards the dizzy stars,  
Chanting her love-song for the god of wars;  
Fierce love of him when all her metals ring.

Her very heart is made of steel and fire.  
Her panting breaths are drawn with countless  
gears.  
No less the burden of her fierce desire  
Makes swelling music in a freeman's ears.  
For, though the scientist has been her sire,  
He knows she was half born of women's tears.

HENRY W. KING.

*George Meredith to Miss Dixon*

[*June 9, 1892.*]

From *Box Hill, Dorking*, so the heading reads,  
Lettered in red; and underneath, his hand  
Has scrawled of Motterone and the land  
He loved so well (his children did brave deeds  
In Italy!); he prays the pleasant meads  
May once more greet him if he there shall stand  
Alone, as yesterday, or with a band  
Of such companions as a poet needs.  
Yet he is now grown old and may not run  
As once he did before the eastern sun.  
His garden and a dusty dream must fill  
The want he feels for shouting up the hill.  
And so the letter ends; save for the flame  
Wrought by the glowing letters of his name.

HENRY W. KING.



*To Pyrrha in the Poconos*

Sweet, you have gone for a season's vacationing,  
Far from Manhattan's three million or so;  
New Street, the scene of my once frequent  
stationing—

Why, but to meet you?—seems empty and  
slow.

Dull is the vista of Wall Street and Trinity;  
Broadway is just a delusion and snare;  
Wanly I view each familiar vicinity,  
Knowing and grieving that you are not there.

Dining alone in a haunt of the Villagers  
Here on West Fourth Street, I try to forget;  
Scant is the comfort from Pirates and pillagers;  
Ah, none at all, from a green cigarette!

What has the playhouse of verve or variety?  
All that is thrilling and new has been shown;  
What were the brightest and best, but satiety,  
Seen without holding your hand in my own?

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Yet there is balm for my spirit in Gilead;  
Hope for the heart that is chastened and  
meek;  
Else were the tale of my sorrows an Iliad;  
You are expected at home in a week!

RHEINHART KLEINER.

*To Lalage*

*[On Her Resignation as File Clerk]*

Sweet mistress of the cabinets,  
Our lady of the files,  
What tender pangs and soft regrets  
Were masked beneath our smiles,

When you who guarded all our store  
Of circular and writ—  
Our carbons charged with selling lore—  
Announced your plan to quit!

What matter if the sheets you placed  
So prettily among  
Your folders, could no more be traced?  
For you were very young!

Who frowned if from your utmost ken,  
As from your strictest care,  
Our papers vanished yet again?  
For you were very fair!

## THE BOWLING GREEN

We bought you candy once a week,  
And gum for every day;  
Your grateful look and blushing cheek  
Were held sufficient pay.

You left us on a night in June;  
Our desk lamps glimmered pale;  
Our Burroughs clicked a little rune  
That mortal loves are frail.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Obeyed a word from you;  
But put our precious file to rights  
Was more than you could do!

RHEINHART KLEINER.

*Brooklyn, My Brooklyn*

Though other scenes might lure me far  
From happiness and home,  
No peace would they procure me, far  
Away across the foam.

To Brooklyn should I turn again  
From fairest towns and shires,  
And all my bosom burn again  
To know her streets and spires!

I'd turn from Glory's very house—  
And were it sacrilege?  
To see the Fulton Ferry house,  
Beside the Brooklyn Bridge;  
To hear the passing roar above  
Of elevated trains,  
That thrill me as they soar above  
Unnumbered marts and fanes.

I'd miss the books so pleasingly  
Displayed on Fulton Street;  
The other wares that teasingly  
Remind of things to eat.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

I'd weary for that restful place,  
Where benches, warm and wide,  
In Montague's most zestful place  
Look down upon the tide.

'Tis there when spring was flowering,  
I'd yearn to watch the bay,  
And old Manhattan towering  
Beyond the river's play;  
'Tis there I'd light my pipe at eve,  
And watch the sun go down,  
For random thoughts are ripe at eve,  
When dusk is on the town.

Oh, Brooklyn offers graciously  
The gifts she has to give;  
Her sons, who speak veraciously,  
Say, "Here's the place to live!"  
When Fate, no longer lenient,  
Gives cause to sink and sigh,  
There's hardly so convenient  
A place in which to die!

RHEINHART KLEINER.

## *Snapshot*

This, they tell me, is a photograph of you,  
Posed before a young tree  
In a springtime garden,  
Cradling with unpractised arms  
A nursling that was I.

Now none of us—  
Nor you, nor I, nor the tree—  
Remembers.

For I have lived too many years  
To recall your arms.  
Or the garden,  
Or that sunlit tree.  
And by another spring  
You and the tree  
Were one with a multitude  
Of springtime things  
Cut down.

DONALD LINDSAY.

*The Flying House, and the May  
Queen Eternal*

Queen Venus, come now, be my heroine,  
To form my pictures, and to scan my song,  
And dominate that tall, enchanted house,  
Invisible house, where I have lived so long.

Fast-flying house, that crosses sea and land.  
House, always mine and empty but for me.  
Fly near me, so your shadow may be near  
And fall across my doors, and comfort me.

That house, all lights and shadows and no walls,  
Has, for its doors and windows, barriers proud,  
Closed wings for doors, or open wings for doors  
And, for its windows, wind-harps, singing loud.

Even your wing-whirr is a comfort there,  
Your wireless whisper heard, though far away,  
Makes you the heroine in that tall house.  
The romance stays, if such fine honours stay.



## *Flying House*

Here I will live on shadows, if I must,  
Kissing one shadow's soft eyes to the end.  
I will write out and draw new wind-harp rhymes,  
Sons of your shadow's flesh and blood, dear  
friend.

Although you swoop off, alien and far  
Smiling one smile a day, or maybe two,  
So, once or twice, life comes, and better light.  
Even that cautious smile, has hints of you.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

## *Walls*

Down the highway and over the wall  
I climbed for the fun of it.  
There lay a garden, secrets and all—  
I had the run of it.

I saw a pond and lilies asleep,  
Some roses, with bees on!  
But I stole away with just one peep  
And don't know the reason.

VIRGINIA WOODS MACKALL.

## *Work*

I work and work, but I can't see  
That it's of any good to me.

For though I put my toys away  
I have to get them out next day;

And when I wash my hands and face  
It shows up dark another place.

Work always means more work, and so  
I'd rather let the whole thing go.

VIRGINIA WOODS MACKALL.

*To the Memory of Charles Stuart Calverley*

[*Born December 22, 1831.*]

In the shy light of the twilight, when the day's  
departing high light  
Leaves my attic 'neath the skylight in a dull and  
dreamy haze,  
Then my fancies cease to wander in the noisy  
world out yonder  
And I sit alone and ponder on the poetry that  
pays.

I have nothing new to utter, but I must have  
bread and butter,  
And I'll soon be in the gutter if I do not pay my  
rent.  
I was never skilled in fiction, but I swing poetic  
diction  
In a metre without friction, though of thought  
quite innocent.

*To the Memory of Charles Stuart Calverley*

In the stress that I am under I conceive it right  
to plunder

The poetic fire and thunder that successful poets  
fling.

So instead of reperusing favourite poets of their  
choosing

Folk might read me without losing any song the  
masters sing.

For it seems that almost any little man might  
make a penny

If he took the flower of Tennyson and turned it  
into bread.

He's a shade and needs no dinner like this im-  
pecunious sinner;

To a hungry pup beginner what's a lion that is  
dead?

It would harm D. G. Rossetti very little if my  
debt he

Helped diminish through a petty theft com-  
mitted in his House.

And would generous Robert Browning show a  
ghostly visage frowning

If his Pippa saved from drowning a poor literary  
mouse?

## THE BOWLING GREEN

I will mix these standard metals, mould new  
cups from ancient kettles

(Ah, the melting prospect settles all the bills I've  
owed so long!)

I will be the universal, the eclectic, the rehearsal  
Of all poets, and my purse'll sing a jingling  
golden song.

But while fancy thus composes an alluring  
world of roses,

Suddenly a doubt discloses that my dream is all  
a sham.

How can I be this composite when there's been  
a man who was it,

Who has rifled every closet and tried every jar  
of jam?

Calverley, Prince Imitator, most ingenious  
Recreator,

Who made all the great ones greater, wizard  
Parodist complete!

You preëmpted every master, turned his  
rhymes—and turned them faster—

You left only sure disaster to all imitative feet!

JOHN MACY.

## *Snow*

All night I heard the dry snow whispering  
And tapping faintly on my window pane;  
Whispering like some old witch-hag gone insane:  
Although the tapping seemed more like a bird  
Beating against the pane with a feeble wing.  
Perhaps it was just the noises of the snow;  
Perhaps I was foolish to think I overheard  
"Two struggling horses trapped in drifts and  
smothered. . . .

"One white-haired farmer shuffling home to  
sleep. . . .

"A broken roof—six frozen sheep below. . . .

"A girl whose two weeks' child will go un-  
mothered. . . .

"A bundle of feathers frozen in a heap. . . .

"A cow that lost herself and froze her  
udder. . . ."

I turned back from the window with a shudder.

JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH.

## *Sonnet in Praise of Tact*

*[Loitering, with intent to admire, on Riverside Drive before daybreak is regarded by the city's myrmidons with profound suspicion. A pause of ten minutes to comprehend the view from the bastions of the Driveway by 145th Street evokes more than one questing guardian of the law.]*

“Earth hath not anything to show more fair,”  
Said Wordsworth, standing on Westminster  
Bridge.

(Loafing, of course, the poetizing midge!)  
Strange that some Cop did not call “*Move on  
there!*”

As he would do should any poet dare  
To loiter on the Drive in early morn,  
Ere the blue velvet darkness hath been torn  
By Phœbus into streams of crystal air.  
Never would Cop magnanimously coil  
His portly presence in some friendly door,  
Or hesitate the magic hour to spoil



*Sonnet in Praise of Tact*

While Wordsworth watched (and thought of  
Thames no more)

Those spangled harbingers of daily toil—

The trolley cars upon the Jersey shore.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

*The Cheerful Abstainer*

I know a hundred ways to die;  
I've often thought I'd try one;  
Lie down beneath a motor truck  
Some day when standing by one,

Or throw myself from off a bridge,  
Except such things must be  
So hard upon the scavengers  
And men that clean the sea.

I know some poison I could drink;  
I've often thought I'd taste it;  
But Mother bought it for the sink,  
And drinking it would waste it.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

## *I Wonder*

I thought you were a wonder, Mary Jones,  
In those far days; your eyes of azure hue;  
Your lips; your freckled nose; the laugh of  
you;

But, most of all, those full of wonder tones  
In which you'd say, "I wonder if we're late?  
I wonder if this hat of mine's on straight?  
I wonder if they'll really start at eight?  
I wonder if we shut the garden gate?"

Wonderful nights they were, those when we'd  
walk

Together arm in arm, while you would talk  
And I would wonder at your wondrous tones.  
The years have passed. Our lives have run  
asunder.

I wonder if you're still Miss Mary Jones.  
But most I wonder where and what you wonder.  
T. M. MORROW.

*O, Very Soon, Now*

O, very soon, now, on the earth and sky,  
Will come a special light till it will seem  
That hills and dim horizons where they lie  
Wear once again some quality of dream;  
And cool, wet odours where the ploughlands  
are  
Will seek us out and make us strange and still  
Till we shall grow too thoughtful of a star  
In dreamy splendour hung above a hill.

And young girls strolling in the April street  
Will laugh, not understanding half their  
laughter,  
Nor the new light in faces that they meet;  
And old men, seeing them will think there-  
after  
How warm and friendly now the sun will fall,  
O, very soon, on doorstep, yard, and wall.  
DAVID MORTON.

## *In a Girls' School*

These walls will not forget, through later days,  
How they had bloomed with lifted, tossing  
heads

Of swaying girls who thronged these ordered  
ways,

Like windy tulips blowing in their beds.

They will remember laughter down a hall,  
And eyes more bright than blossoms in the  
grass—

A dream to haunt them, after all and all,  
When they are dust with dusty things that  
pass.

So that some wind of beauty, waking then,  
Whose breath shall be new summertimes for  
earth,

Will stir these scattered stones to dreams again,  
Of blowing shapes, of brightening eyes and  
mirth,

And corridors, like windy tulip beds,  
Of swaying girls and lifted, tossing heads.

DAVID MORTON.

## *Human Flies*

Because there was a thing to advertise—

Crown, clown or creed, a theory or a phrase:  
“God and the king!” “Vox populi!”—the  
cries,

The instant’s gaping awe, the drifting praise  
Swept the poor insects from their lowly ways  
Up the sheer walls of war; the howling skies  
Clawed at them while they clung their moment; rays  
Of wintry glory mocked their dying eyes.

Still for the greed of princes, craze of mobs,  
Death, tawdry showman, keeps street holiday.

Still float his pennons black and red—still rise  
The cliffs of madness o’er the grave that robs  
His doomed performers of their pitiful  
pay. . . .

And all our earth is black with fallen flies.

A-N.

## *Ship News*

[*Greek ship lost between Piræus and Salamis.—  
News Item.*]

Piræus . . . Salamis . . . What sails  
are these,  
Glinting with golden dust of centuries  
And suns of glory long since set, that dock  
'Mid alien steamers at our grimy wharves?  
Dispatches—cable, radio, telegraph,  
And bulging mail bags—these can wait. We  
know  
What news they bring. . . . Come, heralds,  
quit your galley.  
What of Piræus? What of Salamis?

“Thermopylæ is lost—Leonidas  
And all his men sleep with the host they slew.  
The flood of Asia through the river dam  
Roars down on Athens, cracks an empty shell.  
The city built of earth is gone, to rise  
Upon the wave, with freedom fugitive.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

For Athens rides the sea, her ramparts now  
The wooden walls the oracle foretold.

“The Grecian ships are massed at Salamis;  
And at the entrance to their harbourage,  
Like cat at mouse hole, Xerxes’ mighty fleet  
Crouches to spring. . . . Our captains argue  
down

Flight-poised allies till flight is vain. . . .  
All day

The bosom of our fair Greek plain, the sea,  
Heaves with the anguish of the fight. . . .  
All day

Looks Xerxes from his throne, as at a play.  
He hath his fill of tribute out of Greece:  
Water and earth!—Our blue Ægean drinks  
The boasts of Persia, and the Persian chains  
Rust in her ooze. . . .

“Good news from Salamis!  
O ye who love brave deeds—O ye who kneel  
At freedom’s altar only—Athens lives!  
And from her ashes presently shall rise.  
For to Piræus now we point our prows.  
Good news, O sons of freedom—freedom lives!”



## *Ship News*

Piræus . . . Salamis . . . Those shining  
sails

Gray in the twilight now. . . . The anchor's  
up.

Linger a little, while they thread their course  
Among our dingy craft, to sea again.

Dreams dock but seldom in our ports of trade.

Piræus . . . Salamis . . . They are  
lost between . . .

A-N.

*Alien*

Pink and white and purple blooms, heliotrope  
and scarlet,

Melting blue and amethyst, palest flame and  
gold;

But, oh, to see the peonies lift scented cups of  
silver

Beside a marble terrace once more before I'm  
old!

Slim and pointed poplar trees, lilacs growing  
fragrant,

Tender, creeping, starry things, fragile as a  
dream,

Peach and plum and cherry and the maples  
flushing crimson—

But, ah, to see the medlars and reeds aslant a  
stream!

Flight of lark and bluebird, hermit thrush and  
swallow,

Past the open casement a flash of brown and  
red;

*Alien*

But, oh, the golden orioles above the sunny rice  
fields,  
And the whisper, whisper, whisper of wild wings  
overhead!

Through the golden gateway, dark against the  
sky-line,  
Laden ships from China, silks and jade and tea;  
But dearer than the cargoes of ivory and amber  
The memory of other springs, mirage of one to  
be!

JEANNE OLDFIELD POTTER.

### *The Death of a Mistress*

Slowly she sips the poison from the cup  
And flings it crashing to the marble floor;  
That is her last insult to Fate, no more  
These graceless outbursts at the summing up.  
Then languidly she lies back on the bed  
And most adroitly bares her knee and breast,  
Sets a coquettish angle to her head  
So those who find her in her final rest  
Should feel the lure of living flesh, the breath  
Of breathless possibilities—not death.  
Then artfully she takes great pains to close  
Her lips like petals on a drooping rose.  
She shuts her eyes, and curls her arms about  
her—

So even after death no one may doubt her.

MILTON RAISON.

*Sonnet of a Sure Heart*

The way seemed full of her, but these came nigh,  
Fluting like birds, and calicoed bright and  
clean,

And beautiful their bosoms poutering by!

“But ye are a cloud,” I said, “too much  
between.”

Beauties have called to me from the woody grot,

The quick brown fox, and the red-tail tanager,  
And the balsam tree; and how ye prospered not!

Ye were but scene, but frame, for circling her.

Up once I rose, in a fury of heard-of things,

To travel the splendid sphere and see its fame;  
But the wars and ships and towns and the roar-  
ing kings

But flashed with the image of her! and back  
I came.

Since when I stay; I let the wide world spin;  
She brings me all the other wonders in.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

### *They Praise the Sun*

How shall the golden day discreetly pass?  
Take shoe and staff, and mount the windy  
    hill,  
And see if 'twixt high heaven and the grass  
One cloud, one leaf, make any motion ill.

What shall the text and homiletics be?  
The kindly sun, who would not fade too soon;  
These twain, the well-perfected you and me;  
This flame, that pulses hotter than his June.

Grieve not too much, if afterward of burning  
He sinks so ashily! There is an art,  
To grudge not greedily; take hands and turning  
Go speaking not; this is the happy heart.

Sun after sun is yet to paint the skies.  
Dark spaces intervene, but new suns rise.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

*They Hail the Sunrise*

They swore they found the dark exceeding  
bitter:

Death's arm and captain, whose obscene com-  
mands

Sent beauty marching, save for some stars'  
glitter:

They were afraid, and took each other's hands.

But hands hold much of heat in little storage;  
And eyes are flickerless torches good as day;  
The flame of each to the other's flame cried  
courage;

Soon heart to heart they sighed their grief away.

The sun of a sudden glowing through the  
brushes,

They woke and laughed, their eyes again were  
blue,

They ran to the fields, and apprehending  
thrushes,

Spoke not a word, but travelled in the dew.

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Travelled or tarried, breathing deep or breath-  
less,

Strong as the sun, and girded up, and deathless.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.



### *Mint Fulep*

An elegant, tall glass,  
Wrought with a craftsman's zest,  
Its clear-cut crystal glint  
Thick frosted o'er  
With winter's hoar.

The cold, sweet, tinkling mass  
Bearing a fragrant crest  
Of lush, new-gathered mint—  
A flourish done  
With careless grace—  
Plucked from the scented gathering place,  
Cool, willow-hidden from the sun,  
Beside the fostering run.

The rye's brown soul suffusing all  
The green-and-crystal heart of it.  
The sunlight and the locusts and the tall  
Fine-fluted glasses, all a part of it.

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Thus lounging in the cushioned osier chairs,  
Spraying with wit the good and their affairs . . .

Brother! Such wit is spurious and thin;  
And these dead scenes—mere decadence and  
sin!

RUSTICUS.

## *The Voice*

Through mists of tears I saw the vanished Past,  
A sad, gray land. Low-scudding clouds were  
raining;

And pallid phantoms wandered there complaining.

"We are Regrets," they moaned. "Thy tale,  
amassed

Through long, unhappy years, thou man that  
wast

Once blithe and young but now art overborne  
By gaunt Remorse and agonized Selfscorn."

Then, sobbing, faded to the lowering vast.

I cried for human pity. Came there none

Across the murk and mist and rain-swept  
marsh

That never knew the wholesome light of sun,

The slough of Failure, Grief, and black Dis-  
quiet,

Until there croaked a voice, discordant, harsh,

"Try exercise, old sport, and simpler diet."

RUSTICUS.

## *A Close-Up*

A gesture from the Law: the limousine  
Paused with the traffic, purring for a space  
In hot impatience. Ah, I knew that face,  
Those beetling brows, those features, clean-cut,  
lean,  
That black moustache, that hawk-like nose  
atween  
Dark, shifty eyes, the poise of Southern race,  
Concealing, with a cloak of easy grace,  
All that is vile and villainous and mean!  
'Twas he! I knew him, miscreant who hoards  
Bonds, heiresses, false currency, and wills,  
Who blights a Woman's Love—to give us  
thrills—  
The friend of cut-throats and the guest of lords!  
Aristocratic, fascinating, fast,  
Crime-stained, insouciant, he smiled, and  
passed.

RUSTICUS.

*Hey, Diddle, Diddle*

“Fie on the maid with her slanting stare,  
Veiling her viol against her hair,  
Artfully arching her long white fingers  
Twisting a tune till its treble lingers.”

*Hey diddle, diddle*

*The Cat and the Fiddle !*

“Born on a Midsummer eve, folks say,  
Gotten by Puck of a milkmaid fey.  
That’s how she comes by her trumpery trillings.  
See the men fling her their silvery shillings!”

*Hey diddle, diddle,*

*The Cat and the Fiddle !*

“All winter long in the fire stares she,  
Blinking her amber eyes drowsily,  
But come sweet April with sun-in-a-mist,  
And out she steals to be cursed and kissed.

*Hey diddle, diddle,*

*The Cat and the Fiddle !*

NINA RYAN.

### *The Potter*

God the Potter  
Made a little cup  
Of sweet clay  
From the river bed.

And as he worked,  
Slapping, patting,  
Singing,  
He laughed  
At an odd little thought.

Some of his laugh  
Twisted the handle  
Of the serious little cup  
Crooked.

He loved that little cup  
Better than the others.

F. S. S.

*Charlotte Temple's Grave*

[*Trinity Churchyard*]

This slab was set to keep  
Ward o'er the dreamless sleep  
Of one who knew deep grief,  
Although her span was brief.

Where once were chiselled clear  
Her name, her age, the year,  
Are hollows filled with rain,  
Deep sunken, dark with stain,

Where birds, as from a cup,  
Drink deeply, and look up  
To render thanks and praise  
To Him who guides their ways.

Not pity, but a boon  
To be forgotten soon,  
If stone whence time wears words  
May serve as cup for birds!

BLANCHE A. SAWYER.

## *Ad. an' Eve*

*[One of our doughboys, just back from the Army of Occupation, has become an active worker in the East Side Y. M. C. A. His Biblical stories, while in the vernacular, are quite orthodox. Here is one from Genesis.]*

When Adam lived in Eden Park,  
He gets quite dopey 'long to'rds dark,  
An' crawls into his crib.  
But do' he sleeps dere wid de game,  
His heart is lonely jus' de same;  
An' so de Lord Jehovah came  
An' swiped off him a rib.

But Ad. snored on—he never woke,  
Till in his back he feels a poke,  
An'—huffy gee! it's Eve!  
“W'y—w'at t' ell's dis?” de young bloke cried.  
“W'y don't yer know?” de gell replied;  
“I'm li'l Eve, yer promis' bride.”  
Says Ad., “I got yer, Steve!”



*Ad. an' Eve*

(Dis Adam was a chump as yet,  
He w'u'ddn't kiss her—on a bet;  
He tink all dat is con.)  
Ag'in Jehovah comes one day,  
An' pintin' to a tree did say:  
“Dat tree fer you ain't healthy—hey?”  
Says Adam, “Lord, I'm on!”

But dis makes Eva awful sore;  
Her cravin' fer—an apple-core—  
It nearly makes her faint.  
Den Satan comes, dressed like a snake,  
An' side remarks ter her he'd make.  
“You're 'fraid a single bite ter take”;  
Says she, “You bet I ain't!”

She calls to Ad.: “Look here,” says she,  
“I've picked an apple off'n dat tree,  
An' here's a bite fer you!”  
No sooner did dey taste dat fruit,  
De same idea tru both did shoot:  
“I need,” says she, “a new spring suit.”  
Says he, “I'll say yer do!”

An' den de tunder 'n lightin' came,  
An' Archangels wid swords of flame

## THE BOWLING GREEN

De gates togedder slammed.  
Out in de cold, wid aprun skoits,  
Poor Ad. and Eve got dere desoits.  
But wust of all—th' ting wot hoits—  
De Lord said, "You be damned!"

WILL SEEDY.

*From a Train-Letter*

I'd like to be the porter  
Of the sleeping-car you choose.  
I'd sit up all the long, dim night  
To shine your flat-heeled shoes.

I'd like to be conductor  
Of the car in which you ride.  
I'd punch your ticket all day long  
To linger by your side.

I'd like to be the vender,  
With books and gum to chew.  
All day I'd walk the rocking aisles—  
So I could look at you.

EDWARD SHENTON.

## *Envy*

I looked upon a dog's dull eye  
And for a span  
I swear I heard him growling, "Why  
Am I not Man?  
Am I not Man?"

I looked upon a man's dead eye  
And saw him nod  
His head, and heard him grumble, "Why  
Am I not God?  
Am I not God?"

And God . . . O ask the earth, the sky,  
The sun, the sea;  
Ask them who gaze on God's old eye  
What he would be.  
What he would be.  
A. B. SHIFFRIN.

### *Divinity*

All loveliness and laughter,  
She sweeps into our ken  
And breaks our hearts, nor ever pities  
The simple singing men.

Yet, in a short hereafter,  
Time will despoil her—then  
She'll live but in the plaintive ditties  
Of simple singing men.

ROBERT A. SIMON.

*The Voice of the City*

So this is New York!  
It looks just like  
The picture postcards.

And this must be  
The Woolworth Building.  
I should have known it  
Anywhere—  
But of course it could not have been Anywhere  
Except in New York!

This is New York, the City of Human Daring,  
New York, with the clouds at her head, the  
sea at her feet,  
The conqueror's thought revealed in her  
haughty bearing—  
When do we eat!

*The Voice of the City*

This is New York, the City of Men's Despairing,  
The End of the Way, the Field of the Last  
Defeat.

One Hope Survives beyond all other caring—  
When do we eat!

As you passed, O. Henry, the lights along  
Broadway glaring

Or paused intent in the depths of a shadowed  
street,

This is the voice you sought in your midnight  
faring—

When do we eat!

J. L. SINCLAIR.

## *Ghosts*

I would be alone, but ghosts pursue me;  
They walk beside me with noiseless tread.  
Out from the shadows they throng to view me—  
The curious wraiths of my self that is dead.

From the fields of the past, over hill and hollow,  
Each for an instant will come and cry  
“You cannot leave me. I follow, follow!  
You cannot leave me—you once were I.”

A barefoot lad, with his fellows playing,  
Looks up and smiles from the long ago.  
“Why do you start?” I can hear him saying,  
“Do I look like some one you used to know?”

Still they accost me and still importune,  
“Where is the good you were going to do?  
When are you going to make my fortune?  
Ah, that you were I! Ah, that I were you!”



## *Ghosts*

I, too, must fail from this light and laughter,  
And wait in the shadows as life goes by.

I call to the Me that shall be thereafter,  
“Remember me, for you once were I!”

J. L. SINCLAIR.

*Blue Prints for an Elysium*

How much for Paradise? Now mine is new,  
Impressed with Wonder, trafficked through by  
Praise,  
Musicked with birds and waterfalls, with dew  
Made fresh, and set about with lovely days.

Blue Paradise is mine, and green, and brown;  
I'll take my rest and watch the agile breeze  
Work silver magic through the simple trees;  
I'll stare the bravest golden sunset down.

Now I have Eden's body; cut the purse;  
Flood me with yellow; drown me in the price;  
Discover houris, opium, or worse;  
Yet will I sing, yet laud my Paradise,

Compact on Earth of a little wind that blows  
Across the western sky, a lark, a rose.

ALEC B. STEVENSON.

## *Consuelo Sings*

Consuelo sings, in her gay little troubadour  
costume—

Red satin breeches and blouse, and dainty wrist-  
ruffles—

As we sit on the porch in the summer dusk, all  
waiting

For the jazz to begin, at the last masquerade of  
summer.

She twangs her gay banjo, lightly, softly sing-  
ing—

*“Oh, I took my girlie to the movies,  
All on a summer night——”*

The crickets chirp, and an apple drops, as we  
listen.

And a light breeze lifts the bouffant cape on her  
shoulders.

—Is this the self-possessed little flapper

With the bobbed blonde hair, and the saucy  
turned-up nose

(And rouged cheeks at fourteen . . .)

## THE BOWLING GREEN

Her father's imp, her mother's daily de-  
spair? . . .

No—the spell of the night, and of youth itself,  
is on us . . .

*“When—it's moonlight on Kalua,  
I will come to you again——”*

(Oh, youth, where have you gone?

Oh, young dreams—oh, springtime world!)

Not Consuelo sings, but all the youth that has  
blossomed

For a day, for an hour—nevermore, nevermore  
to return.

And the pain of it takes us, until our throats are  
aching.

No one dares to speak first

In the silence. . . . Then old Mr. Boyd,

Who smokes big black cigars

And is quite a Somebody in Wall Street,

Stirs heavily, clearing his throat:

“You're—some singer—Consuelo!”

JENNIFER STEWART.

*A Fat Lady Hears Shakespeare at  
the Club*

She rustles in with sweep of many laces,  
Settles her skirts and leans back, stiffly proud,  
Watching her entrance on her rivals' faces,  
Finding her glasses, peers between the crowd  
To glimpse the man who struts there, heavy-  
browed;

Her satin bosom heaves, well corseted.  
Murmuring her approbation half aloud,  
She sits and breathes in gasps till Hamlet's dead.  
"To be or not to be." The dark man glow-  
ers. . . .

Her polished finger-tips toy with her beads;  
She dotes on sweet Ophelia, likes her weeds,  
And charming madness, babbling to flowers.  
So while the artist on the stage is speaking,  
Sighing with sentiment, she sits there, creaking.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

*Thoreau*

Birds trailed him with their ardent wings and  
made

A singing storm around him, when he came  
To Walden Pond, and after him, like flame  
Their singing followed under Walden shade.  
And every spring returned to him the same  
Blue herons, tall and hesitant and tame;  
With his blue shadow, as he moved, there  
swayed

Fishes who loved the gloom his body made.

But men who scan his words with cautious eyes  
Forbid their wingèd hearts to understand.  
They never flocked like birds to touch his hand  
Simple and sure and musically wise.

He lived, and was a stranger in this land—  
Above his hut a startled heron flies.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

*Nil Admirari*

Lute, that too quick replies  
To cunning fingers—  
Rose, that in darkening skies  
Flushes—and lingers—

Swallow, that seeks to bide  
In the hawk's nest—  
Door, that too soon swings wide  
To curious guest—

Bough, that drops ready fruits  
To the rude hand—  
Heart, that sets trustful roots  
In thorns and sand—

Still, lute; fade, rose; shut, door;  
Heart, take root nevermore.

MARY TUCKER.

## *A Swamp Tragedy*

In Andrus swamp, out Hastings way,  
A black stump's crumbly loam  
Shows little, crisscross tunnelings  
And a nesty, field-mouse home.

The cellar is a hoof-print, deep  
Enough for harvesting  
A pint of wild cucumber roots  
Against the dearth of spring.

Spring's here, their store gleams white, un-  
touched,  
And near, owl pellets lie  
With bits of field-mouse fur and bones. . . .  
Laugh if you will—not I!

I. V.



## *Rejections*

I laughed when envelopes, self-addressed  
And stamped, came homing every day;  
My mail became the family jest,  
Our postman snickered with the rest  
In genial country village way.

At last a line came, "We accept . . ."  
"Who's loony now," I mocked, "old dears?"  
Then, whistling, from the room I swept,  
And, face crushed in my pillow, wept  
A levee-breaking flood of tears!

I. V.

## *A Quest*

I have not played with Love as others have  
Or smoothed her tangled hair, or kissed her eyes  
As she went dancing through the woods of youth  
That fringe so closely on to Paradise.

But I have caught the glimmer of her gown  
And, though I never touched her, yet I know  
Just how she looks, how red her fragrant mouth,  
How white her wrists, how soft her slim feet go.

Though she is ever just beyond my reach,  
Just slipping softly up some woodland way,  
Still have I heard the ripple of her voice,  
The careless echo of her laugh at play.

Yes, I have always missed her, yet perhaps  
I know her better than the ones who stayed  
And stilled her dancing feet and hushed her  
laugh

And stopped to tame her in some forest glade.

BEATRICE WASHBURN.

### *The Beloved Month*

I can find her many footsteps, I can hear her  
ribbons rustle,  
And at last I see her breathless in a beautiful  
high place—  
I reach my aching hands to her and cry aloud,  
“Oh, April!”  
I cannot bear in silence the wonder of her face.

The birds wait on the wind for her, they call  
from sun to shadow,  
The deep grass hears them murmur, and their  
wings beat on the sky—  
They have seen her coming homeward across the  
evening meadow,  
And they follow her with singing, for they  
must sing or die!

But the hills are bowed and humble, kneeling  
priests before an altar,  
They let her pass in silence like a pale and holy  
nun—

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Without either prayer or chanting they receive  
her benediction

As she lights her flames among them, softly  
one by one.

WINIFRED WELLES.

*From an Old, Old Castle*

I would lie down and launch my pain,  
All fern and lily-laden,  
Over the water like Elaine,  
Another deathly maiden—  
    (If it were a steady barge  
    And the river not too large.)

I, too, would drift a careless face  
Under the doleful willow,  
And be content to ease my grace  
On a mossy board for pillow—  
    (If some one would unbraid my hair  
    And spread my ribbons out with care.)

If Launcelot should shake his head,  
And the Queen grieve sedately,  
I would rejoice that I was dead,  
And rest there still and stately—  
    (If I were only sure they'd be  
    Sorry *enough* at sight of me!)

WINIFRED WELLES.

## *The Traveller*

When I had thought a journey I would take,  
A map I bought me and pinned it straight  
Above the kitchen sink.

That's all the travelling I have done these years.

The map is England, poured on the blue  
Like batter from a novice bowl.  
This crusty, well-browned edge is Cornwall—  
King Arthur, Tintagel, Penzance.  
“The foam of perilous seas”—the suds  
That rainbow in my dishpan.  
A platter's huge side—the cliffs of Albion.  
I've a child's mind stuffed with untidy reading.  
The scraps I cherish now to make a cloak  
For this life's nakedness.

Gold Devon on the map,  
But the full palette and many mixtures do I need  
To make my Duchy. Soft red clay for the  
Southern shore.

## *The Traveller*

And blue-greens of the tropics for Torquay.  
Gold ribbons thread the purple of the moors,  
And northward rushing towards the Cymric  
coast

Green cliffs wade hugely in a cobalt sea.  
Clovelly! Westward Ho!

Sussex smiles in sunshine, or its lanes  
With Sheila's "coral-trouser'd Moon" make  
carnival.

Green shoulders rest the head  
Made weary with the sea's monotonous croon.  
Drip, drip, drip.  
From the cold water tap.

Tell me, can England ever prove untrue  
To book-fed dreams?

MARJORIE WEIRICH.

*Once Upon a Time . . .*

I am in love with a foreign word,

*Jadis;*

All the heroic deeds occurred

*Jadis.*

Knights in the tournaments battled with lances  
Under the fairest of ladies' glances;

Those were the days of the old romances,

*Jadis.*

Yet even in mediæval lays

*Jadis,*

Troubadours sang of heroic days

*Jadis.*

So ever to face the doom that's coming

Villain and serf in the dark kept humming—

Yea, even the king set his minstrel strumming

*Jadis.*

Now I in my turn make songs of a time

*Jadis;*

Evil my days, but I start my rhyme

*Jadis.*



*Once Upon a Time . . .*

Well do I know there was never a season  
Free from despair and doubt and treason;  
Loudly I'm singing to banish reason,

*Jadis!*

“JACOB” (W. L. WERNER).

## *Envy*

When my old buddy gets to Heaven  
An' pounds his hobs on the golden street,  
No lieut will bawl him out for scratchin',  
He will not have to stand retreat.

No bugles'll run him out o' mornings,  
No lines will form for mess and pay;  
Details will not march out a-pickin'  
Butts an' paper on a windy day.

When my old buddy gets to Heaven,  
He'll hear the blessed angels sing;  
An' Armistice Day he'll maybe listen  
To bells on earth that faintly ring—

An' guns a-boomin'; whistles blowin',  
When all good people honour the dead. . . .  
He'll be too far to see his buddies  
Walk the streets for bread.

“JACOB” (W. L. WERNER).

## *The Burned Child*

Whist in the night when the wet leaves are drip-  
ping  
Fairy-folk seem as though drowsy, ashirk;  
Dawn yet will show little people are tripping  
Now featest to work,

Training the tendrils, perfuming the arbors,  
Greening the sprouts that will later be sheaves,  
Banding themselves into guilds like the barbers'  
As trimmers of leaves.

Raising with rites of a fay necromancy  
The ominous bloom of the mushroom, they  
prune  
The love-in-the-mist and they plot, as I fancy,  
New pranks with the moon.

These are my gossips. Each rascally fairy  
That firefly rides or from gossamer swings  
My crony is sworn, but of one I am wary—  
A boy who hath wings.

HUGH WESTERN.

### *Actæon*

I see him stumble down the bank and blink,  
Steady his step, and rub his eager eyes  
So lately clear, now clouded with surprise  
At beauty in the wilderness. I think  
None can know better how his pupils shrink,  
Like cats' the noonday, when he, startled, spies  
Such treasury of silver breast and thighs  
As laces moonlight with the brooklet's ink.  
And then the changeling stag, the hounds, the  
    blood,  
The great heart ribboned by those fangs of fire  
More sharp than any tooth, unless Desire  
Hath teeth as well as talons. Lucky lad!  
To taste how death than life hath greater good  
For him who's seen a goddess—and gone mad.

HUGH WESTERN.

## *An Antique Musick*

Eyelids that lift like amethyst  
On far-off islands seen at sea,  
Apollo loved and, leaving, kissed  
To ecstasy.

Eyes darkly opening as death,  
And, opened, dimming all the day;  
'Tis they have sucked my little breath  
And soul away.

Since that I've dreamed behind them hides  
Acknowledgment of glad defeat,  
That in their threat such hope abides  
As makes them sweet.

But when I'd gather in the gleams,  
They fade like starlight in the dawn,  
And all the substance of my dreams  
Is sadly gone.

Eyes, eyes that turned Life's water wine,  
Pay me that promise that you owe  
Or let your lashes give the sign  
To bid me go.

HUGH WESTERN.

*To a Nameless Friend*

The uneasy wren, who scolded with a tweet  
Her tardy, homing lover, has been lying  
Sweet hours beneath his wing. Night sounds  
are dying,

Hushed since the Moon made good her gold retreat.

The hall is still as shadows, till soft feet  
Patter the stairs. I know some one is prying,  
And feel the scrutiny of bright beads eying  
My yellow light with a regard discreet.

All welcome to you, sympathetic mouse,  
Who come my occupation to find out  
And share the vigil of my midnight state,—  
But I must wonder, in this sleepy house,  
What do you find to be awake about,  
Where only I have cares that last so late?

HUGH WESTERN.

### *Danse Macabre*

Here is a morsel, my masters, a tit-bit,  
The corse of a crown from a high gallows  
hung!  
The worms have his lips, but a wind in the gib-  
bet  
Has found him a tongue,

To whisper and whimper in maudlin palaver  
Of hand he has held, or of head, or of breast,  
Or whatever the soul of that swinging cadaver  
Remembers as best.

He dangles and dances like any old stocking  
Strung out on the line of a wash day to dry,  
But his eyes, which are not, from their sockets  
are mocking  
The world passing by.

## *THE BOWLING GREEN*

He reminds you of some one? Ah, that is past  
chaffing;

The broth of a jest, though it's peppered too  
free

To tickle my palate. Nay; why are you laugh-  
ing—

And looking at me?

HUGH WESTERN.



*To a Reader of Brantôme*

As marble white and blue-veined like the snow  
Down crannies where no prying sun has peeped,  
In the Hôtel de Sens he says she slept,  
His silver marguerite, la reine Margot.  
'Tween sable sheets she lay so they might know,  
Her lovers, when by candle-light they crept,  
How more a pearl was she than any kept  
By jewellers on cushioned silks to show.

A luscious sight, I doubt, for lickerish eyes.  
Of prince or prelate, man or mignon page,  
Or painter! But I marvel at an age  
That, doting, can such alloy gloat upon  
Through greasy glasses, when before it lies  
Gold that has matched and put to shame the  
sun.

HUGH WESTERN.

## *Philosophers at Harvard, 1902*

Forever bandying theses, James and Royce!  
"Oh, d—— the absolute!" cries William, hot  
With baffled lunges for an unflexed spot  
On that impregnable defence. "Rejoice,"  
Pipes old Josiah's impatient, querulous voice.  
"Empiricist of this bewildering blot  
Which is our finite life, that you are not  
Required of blotters to accept *my* choice!"

So metamedicos war. And young minds reel—  
Or yawn. Troop they from one class to the next,  
The second mentor taking as his text  
The fallacies of the first! Which shall set seal?  
But softly: here's another lecturer speaking—  
What if with Santayana we go seeking?

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

### *Rain at Dawn*

I hear distant laughter,  
Like a silver chain  
Tinkling on a wine-cup—  
'Tis the voice of Rain.

She has tasted nectar  
From the clover's store.  
Now she dances madly  
Down the forest floor.

Woodland waters sparkling  
Play her minuets,  
And the dripping oak-leaves  
Are her castanets.

Through the paths, she flashes,  
An elusive sprite,  
Throwing drops of crystal  
'Round her, left and right.

## THE BOWLING GREEN

Shaking little diamonds  
From her dusky hair,  
Once she pirouettes, and—  
Is no longer there!

Where she danced, a rainbow  
Throws its ribbon high—  
A pathway for the Dawn Queen  
Coming up the sky.

NORINE WINTROWE.

### *Sic Semper*

Goliath beat his breast and curled his beard,  
Disguised his egotism with small i's.  
Wrote free verse for the *Broom*, so I have heard,  
Press-agented himself in every wise.  
One hairy ear cupped in a hairy paw  
A'ert for every veer or passing whim. . . .  
Goliath painted blue his lower jaw—  
It made the editors stare after him.

Colossally he strode, while critics gaped;  
Reluctant artists hurried home, revised  
Their outworn methods, imitated, aped,  
Goliathisms everywhere were prized!  
But David, unsophisticated youth,  
Sat polishing a rounded pebble smooth.

ROBERT L. WOLF.

*Song of Solomon Jones*

My love is like a milk-white mare—  
Beside my cheek her head—  
But when I gripped her mane to mount  
She tossed her neck and fled.

My love is like a silver fish  
That slipped through reeds and swam:  
There, by that weed, is where she was.  
Where I was, here I am.

ROBERT L. WOLF.

## *October*

Beauty has a tarnished dress,  
And a patchwork cloak of cloth  
Dipped deep in mournfulness,  
Striped like a moth.

Wet grass where it trails  
Dyes it green along the hem;  
She has seven silver veils  
With cracked bells on them.

She is tired of all these—  
Gray gauze, translucent lawn;  
The broad cloak of Herakles  
Is tangled flame and fawn.

Water and light are wearing thin:  
She has drawn above her head  
The warm enormous lion skin  
Rough gold and red.

ELINOR WYLIE.

*The Poor Old Cannon*

Upbroke the sun  
In red-gold foam;  
Thus spoke the gun  
At the Soldiers' Home:

"Whenever I hear  
Blue thunder speak  
My voice sounds clear,  
But little and weak.

"And when the proud  
Young cockerels crow  
My voice sounds loud,  
But gentle and low.

"When the mocking-bird  
Prolongs his note  
I cannot be heard  
Though I split my throat."

ELINOR WYLIE.



*South of the Potomac*

Wild honey in the honey-comb,  
And swarms of golden bees,  
These are as sumptuous as Rome,  
Rich as the Chersonese.

Not Tamburlain's Persepolis  
Nor vaulted Ctesiphon  
Were jewelled as this serpent is  
Which stretches in the sun.

And this red earth beneath my hand,  
Which burns my hand like fire,  
Is barbarous as Samarcand,  
Imperial as Tyre.

ELINOR WYLIE.

*Little Joke*

Stripping an almond tree in flower  
The wise apothecary's skill  
A single drop of lethal power  
From perfect sweetness can distil.

From bitterness in efflorescence,  
With murderous poisons packed therein;  
The poet draws pellucid essence  
Pure as a drop of metheglin.

ELINOR WYLIE.

### *The Child on the Curbstone*

The headlights raced; the moon, death-faced,  
Stared down on that golden river.  
I saw through the smoke the scarlet cloak  
Of a boy who could not shiver.

His father's hand forced him to stand,  
The traffic thundered slaughter;  
One foot he thrust in the whirling dust  
As it were running water.

As in a dream I saw the stream  
Scatter in drops that glistened;  
They flamed, they flashed, his brow they  
    splashed,  
And danger's son was christened.

The portent passed; his fate was cast,  
Sea-farer, desert-ranger.  
Tearless I smiled on that fearless child  
Dipping his foot in Danger.

ELINOR WYLIE.

## *High Wind*

Bœotius laughed upon the windy corner's  
Decline; my female ancestors were shocked  
Investing eyes like Mid-Victorian mourners'  
In veils of fear; but one among them mocked.

She only, careless and aristocratic,  
Laughed at Bœotius, laughing in his face,  
And stared, in disarray divinely static,  
While slave-ships foundered under Samothrace.

ELINOR WYLIE.

*Ariel*

Now with the wistful days  
Of floating leaf and fallen bell,  
Of white spring blown away,  
I dream of Ariel,  
Bidding this earth farewell.

No moth shall stray so light  
As he that fled between  
The shadows involute:  
Pale green 'twixt forest green,  
His cloak of mirth was seen.

Nor winds shall tread  
So delicate the white wet grass  
Of morn, as he that sought  
The carven door, alas!  
I, mortal, could not pass.

# *THE BOWLING GREEN*

Though for a year and a day  
I prayed admission there.  
None saw him break his bonds—  
Earth's gyves, for all they were  
Shimmering gossamer!

ANNE W. YOUNG.

THE END











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